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REVOLT IN SANTA BARBARA

Why They Burned the Bank

Richard Flacks & Milton Mankoff

Public Channels & Private Censors

Nicholas Johnson

VIOLENCE IN THE COURT

The Political Meaning of Chicago

Larry David Nachman

Richard Howard *on* James Dickey

Fiedler on the Roof / Paul Chevigny

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LETTERS

no steam

New York City

Dear Sirs: A. Q. Mowbray's fine article "The Steam Car May Save Us" [*The Nation*, Feb. 23] would be encouraging were it not for the denials of William Lear, the millionaire-inventor whom he cites as most adept at producing them. According to *The New York Times* (Nov. 16) Lear "acknowledged that a practical steam car cannot be built." Lear is quoted as saying, "I've thrown in the sponge on steam" and advocating . . . "the gas turbine engine as the solution to the pollution problem caused by automobiles." *David Gurin*

the two 'Al Fatahs'

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Most people, presumably, accept the interpretation of the word "Al Fatah" as an Arabic acronym for "Movement for Liberating the Homeland Palestine." This is possible because only a few Americans know Arabic. What this word really means is given in *Lisan Al-Arab*, the best Arabic dictionary: "Conquering of non-Moslem land by Moslems, as God ordered."

Thus among Arabic-speaking people and among Moslems, this organization is another in a long list of movements and organizations in the history of Islam, created to bring "Dar Al-Harb" under the rule of Islam. (Dar Al-Harb means lands of the unbelievers.) For the outside world, however, where the meaning of the word would have been untasty, it pretends to be a secular, progressive, national, Palestinian, Socialist movement, with "Liberation" put into its interpreted name.

Imagine MIRV as having a secret meaning, hidden from any foreigner and known to Americans only, which just happens to be "Kill Communists!" and you've got the idea. *Uzzi Ornan*

TV timidity

New York City

Dear Sirs: On February 16 most of the 165 public television stations in the United States broadcast an NET documentary, "NET Journal: Who Invited US?," which was a critical examination of U.S. foreign policies toward developing nations in Latin America, Asia and Africa. [See editorial, "Hats Off to NET," *The Nation*, Mar. 2.]

However, WETA, Washington, D. C., and the Public Television stations in Austin, San Antonio and Lubbock, Tex., and in Richmond and Norfolk, Va., refused to broadcast the program.

We deplore this arbitrary abridgment of the public's right to know and particularly abhor the fact that viewers in the nation's capital were denied the opportunity to judge for themselves whether the NET documentary raised valid points about America's foreign policy.

At present the media are under attack from many quarters, with much of the impetus coming from . . . the offices of the U.S. Attorney General and the Vice President of the United States.

In this climate, with the Administration pledged to overhaul American policy abroad, it is truly disturbing that the public is denied a chance to participate in the dialogue. . . . We call on the Federal Communications Commission to investigate this flagrant denial of the public's right to know by those Public Television stations which in fact acted as censors by refusing to broadcast "Who Invited US?"

Signed for the Association of Public Television Producers by Alvin H. Perlmutter, Jack Willis and Ned Schnurman

EDITORIALS

Saigon: The Tail Wags the Dog

By ruthlessly jailing one of his chief political opponents for ten years, President Thieu has virtually eliminated any early hope of broadening the base of his regime. It was dictatorial, it remains dictatorial, and if it changes at all it will become still more dictatorial. There is one other possibility—that Thieu will be overthrown by his fellow militarists. Whether Thieu remains in power, or is succeeded by another malefactor of the same type, the Nixon Administration will be firmly tied to this or the succeeding regime. This was inherent in the Vietnamization policy to which the President resorted in his flight from the debacle which overtook Mr. Johnson. Once he had decided to turn over ground operations to our Vietnamese protégés, and so to continue the war by proxy and avoid the stigma of defeat, he had no choice but to support a government capable of maintaining the army in the field. Thus a democratic government, if that was ever our objective, became the stuff of dreams.

Thieu knows this well, hence his recalcitrance in the Tran Ngoc Chau affair. Poor Ellsworth Bunker! No one except the principals knows what he said to Thieu and what Thieu said to him, but about Bunker's objective there can be no doubt. It would have suited him to preserve the façade of democracy in South Vietnam, transparent though it was. By his actions in the Chau case, Thieu stripped his regime even of pretense. For domestic purposes the Nixon Administration may have needed a certain minimum of democratic camouflage, but that is of no interest to a pragmatic militarist of Thieu's stamp. The longevity of the present Saigon regime is—or should be—incidental to American plans, but it is the only thing that matters to Thieu. His main worry is the emergence of a powerful non-Communist opposition in South Vietnam, and that he has forestalled, for the calculable future, by stashing Chau away for ten years at hard labor.

Rep. Jonathan B. Bingham (D., N.Y.) documented these facts by inserting in the *Congressional Record* (March 4) a *Washington Post* article by Lee Lescaze, based on an interview with Dan Ellsberg, who worked for Assistant Secretary of Defense John McNaughton and Gen. Edward G. Lansdale for several years, and came to know Chau well. Chau was a collaborator with the American diplomatic establishment in South Vietnam. He had contacts with his brother, Tran Ngoc Hien, a captain in the North Vietnamese army. His purpose was to obtain information and eventually to initiate negotiations to end the war. He kept the American Embassy informed.

Of course, the last thing Thieu and his associates desire is an end to the fighting. War is their only occupation, whether on the side of the French, when

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quoted—on the ground that they might tip off the enemy as to our intentions.

The cuts are to be made—if they are made—in manpower, operations, maintenance and purchases of conventional equipment. The big stuff is kept pretty much intact. Major weapons systems in the billion-dollar class remain in place; at most there will be some stretch-outs. *Business Week* (February 14) commented editorially on three "controversial" projects: the Safeguard anti-missile system, budgeted at $600 million just for a start; $567 million for the F-111 fighter, one of the most troublesome aircraft in the history of military aviation; and reactors for a third nuclear-powered aircraft carrier, which some experts regard as a sitting duck in the event of a major war.

All this is aside from a real blockbuster—the Lockheed ultimatum, which says, in effect, bail us out or else. (See editorials, "Pentagon Loyalty," November 17, and "Lockheed and the SEC," October 20.) At issue is about $1 billion, which Lockheed says the Pentagon owes it. This is one of those cases where the Pentagon and a big contractor go into a project with only the vaguest idea of what it entails. Starting with a modest few hundred millions, the cost soars into the billions and a "tough political problem" ensues, with parsimonious legislators like Senator Proxmire probing and prying. The C-5A cargo aircraft is one such project which has Lockheed in trouble. This time it is not just pleading for pity, however; it threatens to leave the nation naked before its enemies.

Congress must act, one way or another. Should the government bail Lockheed out, at whatever cost? If so, by what procedure? Through a receivership? Splitting the efficient divisions, if any, from the delinquent ones? By operating it as a government facility, as Professor Galbraith has suggested for the big military suppliers in general?

Obviously major problems loom before the Congress. The Defense Department has been allowed to run wild for a long time. The day of reckoning, however, may not yet be at hand; in the name of defense almost anything goes. The Congressional critics will need to be on their toes if they expect to get defense spending down to halfway reasonable proportions.

The Thrust of Consumerism

Businessmen are not expected to be altruistic or compassionate. They *are* expected to be astute, practical, clear-headed in their perception of what may prove damaging—even disastrous—to the future interest of the enterprises they manage. But, as a class, do they fulfill even this limited responsibility? The reaction by some sections of business to the new consumerism indicates, rather, that these commercial groups have only one objective, today's profits, and are slow to sense developments that if obstinately resisted may cause them no end of trouble tomorrow.

The consumer movement has—and has had for some years—distinct overtones of difference from the traditional "good shopping" kind of consumerism. Not only is it more aggressive, more militant, more annoyed, but the scope of its concern is much broader. It has begun to ask U.S. industrial corporations major questions concerning policy, practice and administration, insofar as these affect consumers—all in an effort to make American industry more responsive, to give the consumer what he needs, and needs most acutely in a time of inflation and rising prices. A case in point is the campaign to render General Motors, and the automobile industry generally, accountable to the public as well as to its stockholders. A committee of young lawyers has started a movement incorporating some far-reaching proposals to this end, including the election of three directors representing the consumer interest to the GM board.

At about the same time, the Federal Trade Commission announced that it intends to propose legislation that would require automobile manufacturers to build cars to specified performance standards, and to repair or replace those that failed to meet those standards. A high FTC official suggests that the automobile is an essential of modern life and that the industry should therefore be regulated as a public utility. A few years ago such a proposal would have been cried down as subversive. When the FTC wakes up, it behooves business to bestir itself.

What is the sensible course for enlightened managers in such a situation? Speaking before a meeting of top executives in New York last month, Walker Sandbach, executive director of Consumers Union, noted that a consumer group in Philadelphia had organized to picket business establishments when, by its standards, one of its members has been treated unfairly. "What would some of you in highly visible retail business do if fifty pickets showed up every day for a week, announcing to the world that you stuck one of your customers with defective merchandise?" This Philadelphia group, Mr. Sandbach pointed out, is planning to expand nationally. (See "Defense Against Gouging" by Jean Carper, *The Nation*, November 3, 1969.) In view of such developments, representatives of the business interest would do well to act betimes on an ancient precept of politics: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em."

Thanks to Governor Reagan

At a time when a good deal of self-defeating political action is conspicuously visible on the Left, it is encouraging to note a Class A blunder on the Right. Thanks to Gov. Ronald Reagan, Mayor Lindsay will have the national spotlight fixed on him when he delivers this year's Charter Day address at the University of California on April 2.

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France had her heel on the Vietnamese neck, or on the side of the Americans after the French defeat. Chau himself had served in the Vietnamese armed forces for more than twenty years and had been a close associate of President Thieu. But in his role as a potential peacemaker he was anathema to Thieu. Therefore Chau was stripped of his parliamentary immunity and thrown to a military tribunal for predetermined judgment. And when that happened, the American Embassy refrained from any public move on his behalf.

By this silence it served notice on political opponents of Thieu that the Americans would do nothing to protect them. As Ellsberg puts it, "If Thieu can act thus blatantly against a man known by many Americans and Vietnamese to be an anti-Communist nationalist, then he can do it to anyone. . . . The suppression of non-Communist opponents of Thieu . . . ends whatever small hope there was for a negotiated settlement. It puts time on the side of the Communists."

It also displays before the world the impotence of the world's foremost military power before the one-time puppet it raised to power. By intervening in ever growing strength, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson prepared the way for American debasement. Nixon's Vietnamization dodge projects our humiliation into the limitless future.

The Defense Cuts Mirage

On January 15, speaking in Los Angeles at a press conference and later before the California Chamber of Commerce, where he was assured of maximum impact, Secretary Laird talked about defense cuts which would cost 1,250,000 jobs. He seemed to be asking for counter pressures from labor, vulnerable Congressmen, the guardians of corporate profits, and any other groups for whom defense spending is a matter of vital interest.

Since then Mr. Laird has been making follow-up noises about a "bare-bones" defense budget of $72.5 billion. Even at that level not all the flesh and fat has been cut from the defense skeleton, but the prospect of any cuts at all is frightening to a great many people, big, little and in-between. The headlines about closing or curtailing 371 bases were enough by themselves to throw the affected communities into a turmoil, especially as no plans for alternative employment had been made by the Nixon Administration.

However, the Defense Department has long made a practice of retrenching in the headlines, without allowing the cuts to reach the budget finally submitted to Congress. Senator Proxmire, a long-time skeptic in such matters, points out that when one looks beneath the propaganda generated by the White House and the Pentagon, the reductions do not appear to be all that terrifying. For one thing, the figures on the cost of the Vietnamese War are not

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Charter Day addresses provide an outstanding opportunity for a speaker who has something to say: a superb setting, a large audience, and a university whose internal political struggles attract headlines. Yet if Mayor Lindsay had been routinely invited and the university regents had let it go at that, the Lindsay speech might have got no more than normal journalistic attention. While Lindsay, like the university, is newsworthy, a section of the press is inclined to show him in an unfavorable light—or, worse yet, to neglect him.

It is the chancellor's prerogative to select the Charter Day speaker. Chancellor Heyns followed the usual informal procedure, consulting members of the faculty, the Committee on Public Ceremonies, student leaders, et al. He decided on Mayor Lindsay—it was an astute and enlightened choice, and given the temper of politics in California, it was courageous.

By a tradition 102 years old, the Charter Day speaker receives an honorary degree. The faculty committee of five which passes on such matters unanimously recommended this award to Mayor Lindsay. The committee can only recommend, however; the regents must approve. At a three-minute executive session, with Governor Reagan present, the regents overrode the committee.

An uproar ensued, and Prof. Robert Gordon resigned from the faculty committee in protest. According to some reports, the regents refused Lindsay the degree by a vote of 12 to 11. The Governor, badgered by the newsmen when he came out of the meeting, more or less admitted that politics played a part in the regents' action.

What sense does it make? Lindsay is not in desperate need of still another honorary degree, but it is rude to deny it when long-standing custom dictates that it be given. Reagan calls himself a conservative; conservatives are supposed to be traditionalists. Of course the regents would not have invited Lindsay in the first place, but the invitation is not their affair. All they could do was show spite in the area where they have authority.

The animosity of some of the regents—especially Reagan—against Lindsay has its origin in the fact that although he is a Republican by registration, he is a Republican whose views are in glaring contrast with those of California's Governor. A Democrat with the same views would not have been as objectionable. But a Republican who is an outstanding spokesman for the cities, for the black, for the poor—such a Republican is not to be tolerated.

Except that, since he has the invitation, he must be tolerated, even by the reactionary wing of the Republican Party in California. In place of the degree, he will presumably receive the Berkeley citation, which the Academic Senate is empowered to vote. And he will have a setting for his speech more splendid than he could have expected. We hope he makes the most of it.

Fred Hampton's Apartment

Chicago

A few days after the lethal predawn police raid on the Chicago apartment of the young Black Panthers, I went down with other perturbed, inquisitive history sniffers and shrine makers to see what was what. The apartment house is on the near Southwest side. A slum? Not from a car. Largish stone houses with wooden trim (red curlicues, fluted columns, beige and gray), the streets oddly flushed and clean. Only the open lots, ulcers of urban renewal, bespoke slum, their mud valleys thick with glass bits, cans, old newspapers.

A bearded, youngish white man, lawyer "for the Panthers and the Hampton family," admitted the day's visitors to the apartment. We walked single file through the low, hot, gray rooms where nine people had passed most of the night a few days before. Violent death does not make for good housekeeping; nor do lawyers, pathologists, tourists and guides, but it was clear that this apartment had never been an idyllic place in which to live. The gray walls were undecorated except for slogans in red spray paint ("Dead Pigs Are Good," "All Power to the People") and—now—dusty gaps made by pistol and shotgun fire. The stuff of life was piled in corners, on wall tables, in cartons of Cold Duck Sparkling Wine and Old Taylor: shirts, skirts, Panther newspapers, bottles, gauze curtains, uneaten hamburgers in wax paper, a can of Johnson's Pledge Wax, a portable phonograph, a copy of *Time* (Lieutenant Calley on the cover), folded hideaway beds, some clothes in a closet, a few pots, one with hardened spaghetti fragments, and, in the back room, a double bed with a Supersoft Restone mattress which bore the topographical map of Hampton's blood. It was an ugly, characterless place, the rapidly assembled nest of people who did not expect to be here long, people who did not sink their passions into furniture.

Characterless, to me, except for one thing: a few books scattered here and there in the apartment, some open as if reading had been interrupted and were to be resumed the next day.

To a bookish man, the books left by the Panthers changed almost everything, for much more than the hamburgers and spaghetti, the few unlovely suits in the closet, the Supersoft mattress, they were the objects of choice.

The books in the Monroe Street apartment spoke of self-improvement, of purposive learning and of curiosity. Here are the titles I wrote down: Chabod's *Machiavelli and the Renaissance*; James T. Farrell, *The Face of Time*; Hannah Arendt, *Imperialism* (a paperback selection from *The Origins of Totalitarianism*); *Black Rage*; Ashley Montague, *The Direction of Human Development*; Linus Pauling, *No More War*; *Vertebrates*; *Calculus*; Struik, *The Origins of American Science*; *American Political Dictionary*; *Introduction to Embryology*; *Abdominal Exercises*

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(one of the women was pregnant). Science, history, politics, a dab of literature.

There were people here who wanted to know how the body and the body politic were put together. The emphases were on origins, development, form and social interpretation. "What is there and how is it thought about?" And then perhaps the famous 19th-century question, "What is to be done?"

"The precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." To a bookman like me, who feared, hated and only partly understood the violence of hunters and hunted, Milton's gorgeous praise of "a good book" had an overtone in this flat where guns and blood and wild words sounded with the study of embryos and Machiavelli. If it didn't make that fierce nest a shrine, it did lift its meanness and its anonymity.

Richard Stern

VIOLENCE IN THE COURT

The Political Meaning of Chicago

LARRY DAVID NACHMAN
Mr. Nachman is assistant professor of political science at Richmond College (City University of New York).

The Chicago conspiracy trial has come to its dreary and predictable end with the sentencing of all of the defendants and their lawyers to terms in prison for contempt. The trial, which ostensibly was to determine responsibility for the disturbances that took place during the Democratic National Convention of 1968, has pushed the "siege of Chicago" out of view and become itself a central and pressing issue. And that issue, seen through the prism of American legalism, is perceived by many purely in terms of the constitutional questions which the trial raised. Thus *The New York Times* said editorially: "The real issue is the constitutionality of the law under which the defendants have now been convicted by the Chicago jury." This deflection from one issue to another was a major victory for the government and an important element in the process of the trial itself.

Because of the way judicial review operates in America, it often happens that individuals publicly break laws of dubious constitutionality in order to test them in the courts. But the defendants in the conspiracy case and the thousands who were with them in August 1968 did not go to Chicago to test the constitutionality of the anti-riot clause of the Civil Rights Act of 1968. They went to protest against the war and against the mechanics of American party politics. What they met with at Chicago was first a determined refusal to recognize their right to protest publicly, and then a brutal and violent attack by the police. It is necessary to remember what happened at Chicago because an important function of the trial was to make us forget those terrible days.

The report of the impartial Walker committee made it plain that the police and not the demonstrators precipitated the violence in Chicago. The report stated: "It was the clearing of the demonstrators from Lincoln Park that led directly to the violence; symbolically, it expressed the city's opposition to the protesters; literally, it forced the protesters into confrontation with police in Old Town and the adjacent residential neighborhoods." And the report went on to say in perhaps its most frequently quoted passage: "To read dispassionately the hundreds of statements describing at first hand the events of Sunday and Monday nights is to become convinced of what can only be called a police riot."

The defendants in the Chicago trial were among the victims of lawless violence. Their indictment constituted a renewal of the violence against them. The use of indictments is a powerful tool in the hands of a government eager to suppress dissent. The authorities can tie up in court politically active opponents for long periods. Political trials also serve to intimidate others. But another function of a political trial is subtler, fundamental and worth examination.

The point can be made by comparing two editorial from *The New York Times*. After the trial, the *Times* stated that "much of the evidence indicated that they [the defendants] were" guilty of "inciting

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to riot." But in convention week, 1968, the *Times* published an editorial of a very different kind. This earlier editorial is worth quoting at length:

> It is not simply innumerable examples of excessive use of force by the city police against peaceful—though provocative—demonstrators, against newsmen attempting to report the scene and even against innocent passersby that has aroused revulsion. It is, far more profoundly, the spirit of repression—epitomized by Mayor Daley—that has dominated the city, damaged the party and shocked the nation. . . .
>
> [It was not necessary] that peaceful demonstrations of war protestors had to be prevented or dispersed, that law-abiding citizens had to be terrorized, that clubs and chemicals had to be used without discrimination, that police and troops had to be called out in such numbers that the streets of Chicago began to resemble Berlin of the Thirties or Moscow of the Fifties or Prague of today. Nor is it true that, even in the face of provocation, the forces of law and order have the right to run wild in defiance of that very law and order which they were created to protect. . . . In effectively denying the right of assembly to some protesting groups—as in blocking the use of Soldier Field for a mass meeting during the convention—Chicago's authorities only set the stage for the ugly violence that reached its climax Wednesday night. In unnecessarily insisting on enforcement of a curfew in a park where large numbers of protesting young people had peacefully congregated, the authorities only made it inevitable that heads would be bashed and bodies trampled.

Far from engineering a test case of a new law, the defendants were innocent of the charge, even if the law were constitutional. And this fact *The New York Times* once knew well. I am not picking on the *Times* to prove that it is inconsistent or that its memory is short. The discrepancy in the editorials points to the way a trial functions and the effects it has even on people who are intelligent, informed and liberal. Since most of the prosecution's evidence consisted in well-known public statements by the defendants, it is unlikely that the *Times*'s position was changed by the emergence of new facts. The trial itself did something to shift the perspective of the paper.

What happened at the *Times* (and probably to many other reasonable people) can be best understood by referring to another passage in the Walker Report:

> There has been no public condemnation of these violators of sound police procedures and common decency by either their commanding officers or city officials. . . . That some policemen lost control of themselves under exceedingly provocative circumstances can perhaps be understood; but not condoned. If no action is taken against them, the effect can only be to discourage the majority of policemen who acted responsibly, and further weaken the bond between police and community.

The report called for a public, official repudiation of the police action. What actually happened was exactly the reverse. A few police were tried and exonerated. The indictments and trial of the protesters display the government, at the highest level, publicly and officially backing the Daley version of Chicago 1968. The weight, authority and legitimacy of the United States Government was put behind Daley and the Chicago police. This action instantly distorted history. Once the trial began, one could retain one's original view of the Chicago violence only at the cost of raising some deep and ugly questions about the nature of the United States Government that was prosecuting the case and of the federal court that did not immediately dismiss it. The trial itself, independent of its results, gave legitimacy to the suppression of dissent in Chicago.

Just as the primary wrong in Chicago was not the police's rampage but the Mayor's refusal to recognize the right of public protest, the primary wrong in the trial was not the partiality, unfairness and vindictiveness of the judge but his willingness to permit the government to use a federal court to legitimatize violence against its opponents. The court lent its authority and its legitimacy to the government and both court and government could count on the fact that large numbers of people defer habitually to the legitimacy of established political institutions. So that even when official action was attacked, the criticism was muted both by a reassertion of the fundamental value and sanctity of institutions and also by a strong rebuke to the defendants. A parity was established between victim and oppressor. And at that point, as so often before, liberals and radicals parted ways. In the eyes of those who, like the *Times*, accord great respect to the authority which office and power bring, no act of Judge Hoffman could divest him of his moral respectability as a high officer of the state. And that moral respectability proved to be more potent a force than people's own sense of truth and justice. For that reason, the defendants and radicals generally were determined to undermine that moral respectability and to point out that truth and justice are in danger whenever men come to venerate political power.

The conduct of the defendants during the trial has itself become an issue. They have been abused by newsmen, columnists and lawyers for denigrating the courts and the judicial process. Many critics have spoken and written as if the defendants went into the trial with a plan to disrupt the proceedings. In the months before the trial, I had several long talks with David Dellinger and Rennie Davis. (In this context, it should be remembered that of the defendants, Dellinger received the severest contempt sentence.) Before the trial, they were not thinking of a direct challenge to the court. They hoped for a dismissal, but realized that it was unlikely. They thought that the trial could serve them in two important ways. They wanted to demonstrate that Richard Daley was the individual most responsible for the violence in Chicago. And because the charge against them involved their intent, they wanted publicly to explore what was really the basis of their political thinking and acting.

The "disruptions" when they came were a direct result of what happened in the courtroom. From the start, Judge Hoffman in his rulings and demeanor

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revealed his partiality to the prosecution and his hostility to the defense. But what made it impossible for the defendants to remain silent was the judge's treatment of Bobby Seale. Seale was denied a postponement when his lawyer, Charles Garry, became ill. The judge then refused to recognize Seale's right to act in his own defense and the trial began with Seale effectively denied the right of representation. Seale's repeated attempts to gain recognition during the first weeks of the trial led to his being bound and gagged, then sentenced for contempt and severed from the trial.

The Seale incident has been relatively well publicized so I shall not dwell on it further. But in order to convey something of the atmosphere of that courtroom, which the defendants had to face day after day for five months, I turn to a later moment when Richard Daley was on the stand under subpoena from the defense. The following passage is long but very little of its kind has been brought to public attention. It was while William Kunstler was questioning Daley.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, something is happening in the rear row. I don't know what it is.

The Court: Will you let the marshals take care of the rear row.

Mr. Kunstler: Yes, but I am conscious of the atmosphere of the courtroom and I would like to know—

The Court: Well, the atmosphere is very orderly except for something that is happening back there and I am sure the marshals can take care of it.

Mr. Kunstler: I just don't like to conduct an examination—

The Court: If you don't know, then don't talk about it.

Mr. Kunstler: I would like your Honor to find out about it. Apparently a marshal is going after somebody.

A Spectator: The marshals are interrupting the trial.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, something is happening in the back row. A marshal is going down—a woman marshal is going down—

Voice: The disorder is being created by the marshals.

Voice: The marshals are interrupting the trial.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, something is happening in the back row. A marshal is going down—two marshals are going down.

Voice: Ouch. Ow, don't step on me, please.

Voices: He isn't doing anything. She didn't do anything.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, that is one of our staff people. I don't understand—I would like the court to inquire.

The Court: Regardless of who the person is, if the person has been disorderly the marshal must ask the person to leave.

Voice: I'm not going outside.

• • •

Voices: Hey, stop that. Stop it. Leave them alone. (Shouts and screams.)

Voices: You're hitting Frank in the face. Leave him alone. Leave him alone. (Shouts and screams.)

Voices: Just leave him alone. You're still hitting him. Leave him alone.

Barnell

"I Am Not Altogether a Modest Fellow."
—J. Hoffman

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, we are entitled to an explanation of what happened back there.

Voice: Just stay right there.

Mr. Kunstler: The defendants request to know what happened.

The Court: The marshals will explain at an appropriate time. I have confidence in the Chief Marshal of this court, and they are under oath to preserve the dignity—

Voice: I wasn't doing anything except—

The Clerk: Please be seated.

The Marshal: Be seated, please.

Mr. Kunstler: We have information, your Honor, that some of the people doing the removing are not marshals, but employees of the city of Chicago, and we have a man standing there with his coat on who is obviously not a marshal. We would like to know who he is.

Mr. Weiner: He is the one who was hitting Frank.

The Court: Mr. Marshal, will you tell the defendant there to sit down.

• • •

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, if the Chicago police officers, employees of the city of Chicago, are removing people in the federal courtroom, then I think there has been a crime committed, and that is interference with the or-

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derly administration—

The Court: When we need your advice, we will get it.

Mr. Kunstler: I have an obligation to bring it to the Court's attention and to request—we had a man punched in the face, and I think there ought to be some interrogation here before we go forward.

The Court: I will hear no further from you, Mr. Kunstler.

• • •

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, if they are removing our staff one after the other and removing other people—

The Court: The Court directs the spectators to be orderly. If any spectator is not orderly, he will be appropriately dealt with by the Court. Bring in the jury, Mr. Marshal. You may continue with the direct examination of the witness.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, I just wanted to request, if the person in the front is a marshal, the person in the brown suit—because we understand he is not. Since some of our people have been beaten up, I would like to know who that man is.

Mr. Foran: Oh, your Honor—

Mr. Dellinger: It's true.

Mr. Foran: I object to the comment of Mr. Kunstler, your Honor. That's outrageous. I ask the jury to be directed to disregard his comments.

The Court: Yes, I do direct the jury—

Mr. Foran: Stop this foolishness.

The Court: To disregard that statement of Mr. Kunstler and—

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, if he will show his badge, we will be happy.

The Court:—any more of that kind of stuff will be appropriately dealt with.

Mr. Kunstler: But, your Honor, if he will show his badge as a marshal we will have no problems. We are not asking the impossible.

The Court: I don't know who he is. I don't know most of the marshals.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor is not going to ask for the production of the badge?

The Court: No, no, no, no.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, it's our information this is a personal bodyguard of the witness, and I think your Honor ought to, because this is a federal courtroom—

The Court: Will you please proceed, sir, with the direct examination of the witness. Otherwise, I will direct him to leave the witness stand.

The defendants had to face not the abstract majesty of the law but this "procedure" day after day, week after week. Lawlessness in places of authority has become familiar to us. Gerald Ford's first reaction to the Supreme Court's decision in the Powell case was to advise the House of Representatives to ignore it. The Nixon Administration has been pushing to disregard the Fourteenth Amendment insofar as it applies to desegregation. In the conspiracy trial itself, Attorney General Mitchell issued the new doctrine that his department will, in such cases, ignore any Fourth Amendment strictures concerning wire tapping.

Against this general background, Judge Hoffman established in his courtroom his own brand of arbitrary terror. As I suggested earlier, to criticize the defendants for not remaining silent reveals the most obsessive clinging to the idea of the intrinsic legitimacy of political institutions. The real point was made by Tom Hayden shortly after the prosecution had finished its case. He wrote: "As we listened to the testimony it was almost impossible (morally and emotionally) to remain silent. To listen in silence only seems to legitimize the authority of a police state. If we remain silent, why should the jury or any other citizen speak out and take a stand?" If the conspiracy trial can teach anything, it is to remind Americans that their institutions are their own creation and exist to serve their own good. It is idolatry to worship them, and it is necessary, when they become despotic, to challenge them directly.

The significance of an event has to be found in its own unfolding. The Dreyfus affair began when the Dreyfus trial ended. The trial of "The Conspiracy" has just concluded. In the months ahead, its meaning as a political event may become the focus of a new and perhaps deeper than ever probing of American legal and political processes. □

Public Channels & Private Censors

NICHOLAS JOHNSON
Mr. Johnson, a commissioner of the Federal Communications Commission, is the author of How to Talk Back to Your Television Set *(Atlantic-Little, Brown), published this month.*

On two recent occasions, CBS cut from its late-night *Merv Griffin Show* requests by Elke Sommer and Carol Burnett that people mail letters supporting world peace to Mrs. Martin Luther King, for forwarding to President Nixon. A few weeks ago ABC censored remarks made by folk singer Judy Collins on the *Dick Cavett Show* which were reportedly "sharply critical" of Judge Julius Hoffman and the Chicago conspiracy trial. And last year NBC cut Robert Montgomery's remarks on the *Johnny Carson Show* when he mentioned that a CBS television station was being investigated by Congress and the FCC. Yet these are only the most recent incidents in which various television networks have exercised their power to silence opinions with which they dis-

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agree, which they feel would offend advertisers or injure profits, or which they fear might stimulate official reaction.

Tommy Smothers has said that 75 per cent of the *Smothers Brothers* shows were altered in some way by CBS censors. The network censored Joan Baez's comments about the war in Vietnam, made in a brief dedication of a song to her jailed husband. It banned any appearance whatsoever by Dr. Benjamin Spock. Ultimately it censored the entire *Smothers Brothers Show*. The time has come for all of us to ponder the serious implications of "corporate censorship" in this country.

The FCC, disturbed by Vice President Agnew's apparent intimidation of the networks after they had "commented" on the President's speech about Vietnam, replied to letters supporting the Vice President with the official and unanimous observation that "The drafters of the First Amendment to our Constitution knew that the way to preserve truth was not through government surveillance or censorship (for that government may also be wrong) but by giving all persons with views the freedom to express them."

Even Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, in forthright response to the Vice President, has acknowledged that "no more serious episode has occurred in government-press relationships since the dark days of the fumbling infancy of the republic when the ill-fated Alien and Sedition Acts forbade criticism of the government and its policies on pain of exile or imprisonment." He went on to indicate that CBS would resist such pressures:

> If these threats implicit in the developments of the past week are not openly recognized, unequivocally denounced and firmly resisted, freedom of communications in this country will suffer a setback that will not be limited to checking the freedom of television or to barring critical comment on government policy.

Yet what "freedom of communications" does this country really have if censorship is exercised, not by the government but by the large private corporations that control much of our access to news and opinion—the three national television networks? In an exchange of articles, Richard Salant (president of CBS News) and I have debated the existence of "corporate censorship." [Johnson: "The Silent Screen," *TV Guide*, July 5, 1969; Salant: "He Has Exercised His Right To Be Wrong," *TV Guide*, September 20, 1969; Johnson: "Is There a Salant in TV News?" speech to Radio and Television News Directors Association, September 26, 1969. All reprinted, 115 *Congressional Record* E 10174 (December 1, 1969, daily edition).] I contended that the networks, to a rather pervasive extent, have so designed their programming that important information affecting lives and health is being kept from the public. I argued that this was information that, if generally known, might damage the corporate profits of the networks and their advertisers.

I referred to a number of examples of this "corporate censorship"—such as information about shoddy products, critics' evaluations of the new TV shows, or corporate profits from war. I did not say the networks *never* broadcast such information; just that they broadcast very little, very seldom, and usually too late.

Mr. Salant replied:

> In the eleven years I was a CBS corporate officer and in the six years that I have been president of CBS News, to my knowledge there is no issue, no topic, no story which CBS News has ever been forbidden, or instructed directly or indirectly, to cover or not to cover, by corporate management. . . . [T]here has been no self-censorship. . . . [We] have never avoided a topic or altered treatment to protect, or to avoid displeasing, corporate management or any advertiser.

Of course, I had argued that "it is also a form of censorship to so completely clog the public's airwaves with tasteless gruel that there is no time left for quality entertainment and social commentary, no time to give people 'full information of their affairs' " (a reference to a statement by Thomas Jefferson on the importance of free speech). But I also contended that the networks were pulling their punches and withholding from the public information in their possession.

Now *Variety* magazine (February 4, 1970) has made the point again. Bill Greeley provides a long list of "shrunken or vanished" documentaries at CBS which have been shelved, turned down or killed. His list includes the following: a "hard-hitting" documentary on homosexuals by Bill Peters, gutted by the management before showing; an "in-depth investigation of Saigon corruption" by Jay McMullen of CBS News, tabled; Felix Green's film footage of North Vietnam, rejected for broadcast by CBS, and given to NET; Doug Leiterman's hour production on the black middle class, dumped several months ago; a project on "police brutality," turned into "an industrial promo film for sponsor IBM"; and Gene DePoris' probe of the military-industrial complex, ultimately devoted to "the nomenclature of military rockets." Greeley says CBS News has also had pending for several years a project on "Congressional ethics." I wonder when we'll see that one. In fairness to Columbia Broadcasting (and Richard Salant), however, Greeley congratulates CBS for being the best of the lot, and for at least having "good documentary intentions."

Before Elke Sommer and Carol Burnett were censored or—since both CBS management and the Vice President dislike that word—"edited," Mrs. King had hoped to deliver an impressive stack of mail, asking for an end to violence and war, to President Nixon. CBS's rather myopic explanation of its intrusion was, "long-established network policy prohibits appeals for active support of any cause without prior consultation with the network." Yet there was ample time for such consultation between CBS and its employee, Carol Burnett, during the five or

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six days between the show's taping and broadcasting. Indeed, one wonders whether Vice President Agnew's similar appeal for mail during his Des Moines "media speech" was also subjected to "prior consultation" and network approval. Just the other night Bob Hope presided over a nationwide NBC entertainment special which honored Mrs. Eisenhower and featured a statement by President Nixon —with explicit appeals for *money* (not just letters) for an "Eisenhower Hospital."

What was the effect of Vice President Agnew's speech castigating the networks for their few, faltering attempts at analysis of President Nixon's November speech on Vietnam? *TV Guide*'s recent editorial (January 3) puts it succinctly:

> Vice President Spiro T. Agnew's scolding of the networks apparently had the desired result: after President Nixon's Dec. 8 press conference, there was no criticism whatever from the commentators who followed him.

Los Angeles Free Press

There is censorship in this country all right. Television networks censor themselves (and their guests) —while asserting their commitment to free speech and denying self-censorship. The Nixon Administration attempts to control the broadcasters' comments —while professing its abhorrence of government censorship. Meanwhile, notwithstanding a rare hassle in public, both parties agree well enough on what should be kept from the American people.

When the founding fathers drafted the First Amendment, they feared that the *government* might one day attempt to interfere with the freedoms of speech and the press. Accordingly, they carefully protected the people against censorship by the government, stating: "*Congress* shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . ." (And the Supreme Court soon extended this First Amendment protection to censorship by the individual *states* as well.)

However, the power centers have changed since 1789—and the ability to influence thought and opinion has shifted from public to private hands. Today 100 corporations own about half the manufacturing assets in the country. Our information comes in large part from the three national radio and television networks, ABC, CBS and NBC, and the two wire services, AP and UPI, and we must recognize that we may have to expand the protections of the First Amendment if we are to eliminate censorship.

Fortunately, there is already Supreme Court precedent for extending the ban on censorship to cover private corporations. In its recent *Red Lion Broadcasting* decision upholding the constitutionality of the FCC's "Fairness Doctrine," the Court made the following, extremely important observation:

> There is no sanctuary in the First Amendment for unlimited private censorship operating in a medium not open to all. "Freedom of the press from *governmental* interference under the First Amendment does not sanction repression of that freedom by *private* interests." (Emphasis added.)

In an opinion the year before, the Supreme Court had presaged this development by extending the protections of the First Amendment to peaceful picketing on private property—a large shopping center near Altoona, Pa. The shopping center had excluded the picketeers, arguing that their First Amendment rights of speech were not infringed because the shopping center was not a "state" or "federal" government, and that the First Amendment did not protect citizens against censorship by *private* persons or corporations. Rejecting this view, the Court stated:

> [U]nder some circumstances property that is privately owned may, at least for First Amendment purposes, be treated as though it were publicly held. . . . [T]he fact that the property from which appellant was sought to be ejected for exercising her First Amendment rights was owned by a private corporation rather than the State was an insufficient basis to justify the infringement on appellant's right to free expression occasioned thereby.

Concurring in the same opinion, Mr. Justice Douglas stated even more clearly that the Court would not "make 'private property' a sanctuary from which some members of the public may be excluded merely because of the ideas they espouse."

In its *Red Lion* decision the Supreme Court made another observation that has generally been overlooked by commentators. The broadcasters had "strenuously argued" that requiring them to devote time (possibly free) to issues of controversy might force them to eliminate such coverage completely. Not so, replied the Court, and for two reasons. First, the Court quoted network officials to the effect that they did not intend to abandon their efforts to cover controversial issues. Second, and even more significant, the Court said that if broadcasters reduced the "volume and quality of coverage," the FCC has pow-

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er to insist that they give adequate and fair attention to "public issues."

> To condition the granting or renewal of licenses on a willingness to present representative community views on controversial issues is consistent with the ends and purposes of those constitutional provisions forbidding the abridgment of freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Congress need not stand idly by and permit those with licenses to ignore the problems which beset the people or to exclude from the airways anything but their own views of fundamental questions.

The *Red Lion* decision was scarcely three months old when *Variety* reported that CBS had refused to broadcast an announcement by *Look*, describing an article on New Orleans District Attorney Garrison, because the *Look* advertisement contained "personal attacks" of the sort which might require CBS to offer Garrison rebuttal time. It would appear, therefore, that the Supreme Court's precise fear has materialized: that "licensees should suddenly prove timorous." To the extent that broadcasters are now refusing to give their attention to issues of public importanec and controversy, new approaches are needed to safeguard the flow of information and opinion to the public.

The networks have also tried to argue that the dissemination of "news and opinion" is different from "entertainment," and that while they may censor news with some reluctance, they normally feel free to cut and chop "entertainment" programming as they see fit. Yet here, too, the networks have refused to heed the warnings of the Supreme Court, which has discussed and rejected the distinction between opinion and entertainment:

> The line between the informing and the entertaining is too elusive for the protection of that basic right [a free press]. Everyone is familiar with instances of propaganda through fiction. What is one man's amusement, teaches another's doctrine.

The networks are used to making others listen to them. Now it may be their turn to listen—to the people and to the United States Supreme Court. □

The Caribbean: This Side of Paradise

1. The Virgins

PETER NABOKOV

Mr. Nabokov is the author of Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior *(Crowell) and* Tijerina and the Courthouse Raid *(University of New Mexico Press). He has lived and worked on three American Indian reservations: Sioux, Crow and Navajo, and is presently a research associate of the Museum of the American Indian.*

In a popular television series, *The Invaders*, extraterrestrial "aliens" assumed human form and found earthly jobs in a plot to destroy our way of life. In the three populated Virgin Islands owned by the United States—St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John—this situation is neither fictional nor new.

Men and women officially categorized as "aliens" now constitute half the work force on these islands. Born black like the resident population, they are camouflaged from the general eye. Even to island authorities their secretive, fluctuating numbers make census-taking a nightmare. Whereas a 1969 U.S. census reported the population of these islands in the neighborhood of 54,000, the high estimate of an explosive recent report on the "alien" question puts the total at nearly twice this figure. But it is not only by confusing demographers that the aliens have made their mark on island life and conscience. They have become the pawns in a game of greed and guilt which has mounted in ambivalence and tragedy for the last two decades.

During the peak of the tourist season last year roughly 16,000 aliens were at work on the islands. Perhaps a fourth of these were doing so illegally, scuttling around to preserve their anonymity, toiling for 50c an hour, packing themselves at night into one-room shacks with no running water, no toilet, incredible stench, and rats running across the floor. Yet at the same time these aliens have sent "down home"—their island origins to the south—millions of dollars in savings. Their sense of industry has caused the U.S. Virgin Islands territorial government to enforce stern measures. First, it has made sure that the "non-person" status of these lower-than-human invaders has not changed. Aliens cannot send their children to island schools. They are ineligible for the entire spectrum of social services available to residents—yet aliens are accustomed to paying upward of 30 per cent income tax. Their working conditions escape the scrutiny of a fair-employment practices board. They are not allowed to apply for public housing. They rarely get bank loans, despite the fact that their frugality is a major contributor to the savings vaults of island banks. If fired from a job they must get off the island within five days.

Everything possible is done, by design or chance, to make sure that the alien family structure is blasted apart, that alien lives are personally and socially fragmented. They are pariahs to the resident black community which systematically refuses them entry into its social network. Even the Non-Citizens Commission, set up to aid aliens, has lacked a certified alien in its membership. As if these measures to preserve the integrity of island life from untouchables were not enough, the island police make occasional "roundups," as they are termed. St. Thomas cops halt a van of workers. If aliens are among

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the crew, as they are sure to be, and prove to be unauthorized "non-persons," they are whisked away for deportation. One woman told an investigator that her "man" was thus caught when his boss owed him $350. She never saw him again and neither of them ever saw the money.

Yet the aliens pour in undaunted, devising all manner of cover to subvert the islands' desire to control their economic balance, while at the same time feeding the islands' lust for cheap labor to which they owe nothing in return. Despite class intolerance and discrimination, employment malpractice, official neglect, the alien avalanche continues. Or could a former acting director of the Office of Territories be correct when he described the alien worker problem in 1965 as "the modern version of slave labor"?

Much of the alien story came to light only early last fall when a Maryland firm (Social, Educational Research and Development, Inc.—called SERD) produced the first public exposé of the situation. Their analysis, based on field investigations conducted in June and July of 1969, is still causing ripples throughout the islands, coming as it did simultaneously with a series of political scandals which rocked the U.S. Virgins. Most recently the St. Thomas Bar and Restaurant Association has attempted to answer the SERD document—which was read into the *Congressional Record* in its entirety—by complaining that the situation was misrepresented. Yet their meek retort was that the sociological sample, about 400 aliens, was "unrepresentative," and that "bureaucratic red tape" was the cause of the aliens' ills. And even they appeared to agree that without some manner of recognition by Virgin Islands politicians the almost twenty-year-old alien problem will intensify.

When the United States, during World War I, purchased the islands from Denmark for $25 million, the new possessions had little to recommend them. These fifty or so volcanic summits of undersea mountains top the crescent of the Lesser Antilles group, which itself lies at the southern end of the island chain that starts with Cuba and ends with Trinidad off the Venezuelan coast. Ever since Columbus named the islands for the 11,000 Virgins of St. Ursula they have been counters in power plays between nearly every European country of note. Beginning with Danish occupation in the late 17th century, St. Croix, the most cultivable, was given over to sugar plantations. By that time the Carib Indians had been almost totally annihilated, and a new labor force was needed. The first slaves were imported from the Gold Coast. Shortly, a set of rules was laid down, the quality of which may be gauged from the specification that if a field hand was not in his cabin by sunset, he was "for the first offense to be whipped, for the second to have his ear cut off, and for the third to be hung, and his head placed on a stake."

Against such regimes and despite waves of pacifying missionaries, the slaves dared revolt and they held St. John for six months. A century later slavery was forbidden and a labor law began governing the relationships between lordly planters and slave-worker descendants. "Much will depend," wrote the hard-headed minister-historian of St. Thomas, John Knox, in 1852, "upon the wisdom of the Government in maintaining labor and maintaining it at a fixed price."

That same comment could have been made not long after the American-owned Virgin Islands began attracting droves of the Honolulu-shirted and Bermuda-shorted in the early 1950s. In 1955 some 90,000 vacationers stepped off cruise ship gangplanks or passenger plane steps. By 1969 the visitors had grown to close to a million a year. With the tourist boom a concomitant migration was spawned. The home island work force could not fill the new jobs which opened up every time the whites from the north desired this or that comfort. Word flashed to the south, where the British, French and Dutch still maintained their colonialistic outposts. On these islands—St. Kitts, Anguilla, Nevis, Antigua and the others—life was truly close to the bone. "My mother she buy seven chicken wings," an alien from Antigua told me, "and she pay $3.80 for them." Wages for the scarce field work in the British West Indies are around $1.50 a day.

High wages in the U.S. Virgins remain the lure for British West Indians, bringing them by hook or crook to the three promised lands which, at present, are under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior but governed by their own legislature and President-appointed governor. Between 1964 and 1966 construction on the islands doubled, exports rose nearly a third, bank deposits grew by nearly 40 per cent, per capita income for *natives* was up about a third, and the aliens and their descendants came to comprise a full 70 per cent of the population by 1968. At the same time the alien was enjoying few fruits of the overnight prosperity.

The dilemma of the alien grows partly out of the violence done to the distinction between "temporary" and "permanent" workers by the realities of island life. Blacks are attracted to the U.S. Virgins by the same magnet which draws Basque sheepherders to the Great Plains or Mexicans to the California farm factories. But for the island alien there is no fallow period when he returns home in the manner of Mexican green-card holders. Although designed for the seasonal worker situation, the term "temporary alien worker" has been stretched to meet a year-round employment need.

In addition, the out-islander who ventures to the U.S. Virgins rarely does so with the intent of returning home with his nest egg. When he comes without his family it is with the hope of later bringing them along, or starting a second family and supporting both. While some aliens have at the end of their rainbow a home in the States, most desire simply to become island residents. But the citizenship procedures

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are similar to being cleared through the iron curtain at the height of the cold war. For almost every alien the only recourse is sheer grit, to plug at whatever job he can find, and if the regulations for legal employment force him underground, then to live as best he can as a floater, selling beer or selling himself to the "anti-men" who cruise the tourist bars.

Department of Labor regulations permit island tourist-related businessmen to enjoy the lack of responsibility involved in hiring temporary help while having their permanent jobs filled for small change. In theory, the process for a worker aspiring to legitimate employment in the U.S. Virgins starts when an employer fills out two forms at the Virgin Islands Employment Service. At the same time the employer clears the application with the Virgin Islands Department of Labor to certify the "non-availability" of resident workers. Since local help is usually after bigger money, the menial jobs of construction and housekeeping are often open. Then the application is forwarded to the U.S. Department of Labor Regional Office in New York. While going through these cumbersome and time-consuming procedures, the employer must also make an application at the local Immigration and Nationality Service. Once the papers all come back approved, the employer can post a $10 "bond" for his new hand.

When the alien's petition for work is approved he receives a form letter pairing him with his future employer, telling him the type of work he'll be doing, and how long he can do it before repeating the whole procedure. One objection to all this is that the strict certification process makes it almost impossible for the alien ever to attain the status of permanent residency. In addition, the Virgin Islands and the Department of Labor duplicate procedures, which often take up to six months. The most persuasive objection is that "the whole bloody paper mess" is usually side-stepped.

In practice, British West Indians get a toehold in the U.S. Virgins as "on-time" visitors, with a month-long permit which can be renewed—capriciously. Some aliens are made to sojourn "off island"—on a British possession—for a period of time between permits; others can wangle a month-by-month reprieve, which does little for stability of life. During their "on-time" days aliens scramble for jobs, and their new employers initiate the bonding red tape after they are already working. But since "on-time" status forbids Virgin Islands Employment Service assistance, it is often difficult to make contacts. It is customarily the frustrated "on-time" visitor who, unable to get set in a legitimate job, joins the roughly 2,500 illegal aliens.

On the twisty stretch of Harwood Highway on St. Thomas that links the airport with the town of Charlotte Amalie, a crudely painted sign announces an alien ghetto, "Sunset Strip." On the dirt lanes of the area are hovels the size of chicken coops, made of cardboard and used lumber, and jammed up against one another. The housing statistics gathered by SERD are perhaps the most hair-raising of all the facts concerning alien life. "Aliens have to pay blood for house rent," an informant said. "A 10-by-10 room had three people in it pay $20 per week, some on floors yet has to pay." On St. Croix, between Fredericksted and Christiansted, a broken-down bus alongside the highway is rented out to aliens.

The socio-economic situation which has perpetuated the alien problem is complex. More than 80 per cent of the islanders are black; less than a third of them have been there for three or four generations. These are the power wielders, a point which "continentals"—well-to-do whites who have resettled here—continually raise to boast that Black Power is a way of life and that racial harmony abounds. It is this white group, however, principally American businessmen and technicians, who "make things work" on the islands, who have kept the patronage-ridden government functioning smoothly as one massive tourist agency. The Black Power elite, with the passive affirmation of the minority affluent whites, keep the alien blacks toiling for grubstakes at the bottom of the ladder. Thus far the islanders have had to deliver little in the way of social services in return. Alien children run through mud puddles in the streets during school hours, while their parents work dawn to dusk as domestics. Housing is intolerable. Ill health strikes the alien to a much greater degree than it does any other island group.

Now the pressures of the times are felt even on the islands. The myth of racial concord in the U.S. Virgin Islands began to crumble two years ago under stateside vibrations of black resistance and cultural awareness. Virgin Islanders have begun to complain somewhat of the superior attitude of "continental" blacks; this resentment was particularly noticeable on the campus of the fledgling College of the Virgin Islands where I lectured last winter. At the same time it was clear that the blacks from the mainland had brought with them new standards by which to measure the old *status quo*. Now a vociferous handful of Virgin Islanders, particularly second-generation aliens, are beginning to recognize the tourist industry as being part of what the socially conscious Calypso songs call white man's "tricknology." Roy Innis, who last March formed the first CORE chapter on St. Thomas, has been most eloquent in expressing the opinion that tourism is a one-way industry, with no substantial returns but fast money for a very few. The new consciousness has accused the St. Thomas Hertz concession of discrimination for not honoring reservations made by resident blacks. Also there has been reported a significant increase in attacks on white women by blacks; police on St. Croix report forty-eight such rapes in the last year. Predictably, the government has blamed the increase in crime on the alien, while admitting that its police force is severely understaffed (there were fifty vacancies in 190 authorized positions). Gov. Mel-

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vin H. Evans, appointed by President Nixon on July 1, has complained of the thousands of illegal aliens who have to steal to live. These, he believed, included a "high percentage of the rapists and murderers." The previous month he had said "I am ashamed" of the alien situation.

Obviously, some sort of emergency, two-pronged approach is needed to rescue the alien from his limbo. That it would be just to make permanent citizens of current aliens, who have worked hard to build the tourist paradise of the islands, is admitted by most of those not committed to the exploitive machinery. At the same time immigration quotas and methods of entry must immediately be simplified and humanized.

At the end of my stay at the College of the Virgin Islands I gave a lecture which concluded with a question period. Throughout my visit the almost entirely black student body had been cool but receptive, sharp but restrained from displays of emotion. After answering a few questions I asked my own: why hadn't the alien matter become a point for Pan-island black unity, since it was the one clear-cut example of exploitation to rally around? One lovely black girl stood up, shaking with rage. "I am an alien," she said, "and the people here, they just don't give a damn." A second student shot to his feet, echoing her anger. A third and fourth stood up, arguing with them. It was happening. Whatever curative measures are belatedly brought to bear to repair the alien problem, as far as the *status quo* is concerned the damage appears to have been done. □

2. Jamaica

PATRICK HAZARD
Mr. Hazard teaches black studies for the Lehigh Consortium in Graduate Teacher Education.

As I settled into the back seat of the sports car that was taking me to a University of West Indies' party high in the mountains above Kingston, the brown-skinned Jamaican who was driving handed me his jacket to make way for his date. A hand gun clattered to the seat, and he nonchalantly locked it in the glove compartment. Only when we had reached the party—and he was setting the burglar alarm on his Camaro—did I have the composure to ask why the gun. He waved back at the snarl of hairpin curves we had just navigated and answered: "Robbers." He, his brother and his father ran a cartage firm and had to be out late a lot; experience had taught them to go armed. I recalled a *Washington Post* story which called Jamaica a black powder keg—and which the Jamaican Tourist Board airport cabbie had rejected as flatly false.

Pulling into an Esso service center a few days later, I noticed that the manager was packing a gun. Asked about it, he replied as laconically: "Holdups," and clearly didn't want to talk about it; he spoke evasively about having a permit, as if *I* were questioning his right. And then there was an item from *The New York Times*, reprinted in a radical Jamaican student mimeographed sheet, that cited the island as having the highest per capita prison population in the world. Clearly there are some sharp disparities between those glossy 4-page color ads in *Life* about Jamaica, the rich man's two-week playground, and the realities of life there for now nearly 2 million (despite the perhaps 250,000 who have emigrated to the United Kingdom since World War II).

An Afro-Caribbean studies program, sponsored at the university during the Christmas academic break by the American Forum for African Study (Washington), began to supply some explanations. Briefly, it is another sad story of how hard it has been since decolonization for Third World countries to get any traction on the road to economic sufficiency. The harder they spin the wheels of their underpowered economies, the deeper they sink into the sands of great-power investment capital, whose returns are rarely, if ever, collected in the underdeveloped country. The frustration and bitterness of the Jamaican black majority (76.3 per cent at the 1960 census) after almost a decade of independence can be traced simply to a few statistics on the failure of development. A 1958 analysis (which has remained valid, according to University of West Indies economist Owen Jefferson), shows the top 5 per cent of the population taking 30 per cent of the island's income, while the bottom 60 per cent gets only 19 per cent.

One particularly soft spot of the economy is agriculture, which generates only 10 per cent of the gross national product, but employs 40 per cent of the labor force, full and part time. The food sector is riddled with such embarrassing ironies as imported Japanese tuna and Canadian cod ("slave food" for centuries, a particularly galling fact to black ideologues), while little is done to cultivate the sea harvest surrounding Jamaica. Sugar, that sweet yoke around the neck of tropical man, has been mechanized to the extent that 10,000 plantation jobs have disappeared, while the industrial developments in the first decade have created only about 9,000 new jobs. It is estimated that 20,000 young people become available for the labor force each year.

Bauxite, the great red hope whose ugly gouges and grime mock the needs of the other big industry, tourism, is too capital-intensive to take the teen-age Jamaicans out of Kingston's back alleys into steady jobs. According to a political scientist at U.W.I., the jobless rate of 25 per cent soars to 40 per cent among the 15-to-19-year-olds. He bitterly described the vicious circle of neocolonialism as being a process whereby Jamaican blacks dig aluminum ore to be sent back to America (where the expensive, wage-paying processing is done), made into planes and

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then sold to the Portuguese to keep black Angolans in subjugation. The sequence is a bit melodramatic, but so full of truth that one can understand why this kind of imagery begins to dominate the thinking of the young radical black university professors who have founded *New World Quarterly* as a Caribbean Third World voice.

Those unemployed teen-agers are the political dynamite. My 13-year-old son shrewdly noted after ten days of negotiating hostility in the streets that Jamaican children always smile and wave, but teen-agers never do. (At the airport my guru-haired 17-year-old was warned not to accept directions from anyone but a policeman; and at the university I was sent in the opposite direction by some not entirely playful undergraduates, and forced to prove my right to be in Jamaica by an ultimately very sympathetic native writer.) Even the highly paid browns (who mediate between the white-power pinnacle and the broad black base of the economic triangle) are beginning to resent the servility of running about in their expensive shoes, carrying out Montreal's orders.

Bauxite is the bitterest pill, partly I think, because its ultimate glitter symbolizes the whole benign (looking) tyranny of Montego Bay imperialism. As a young writer cried sorrowfully to me, "Everything is set up for you when you come here. Our scenery, our food, our women." While, of course, survival is a daily unceasing, unrewarding ordeal. H. Orlando Patterson, the brilliant novelist and social critic who will teach black studies at Harvard this spring, puts it well in the title of his novel about the wretched of Kingston—these are *The Children of Sisyphus* (The Bolivar Press, Jamaica, 1968). A member of the seminar from Haiti, completing a doctorate in folk religion at Temple University, explained how vulnerable his people were to the bureaucratized wiles of Reynolds Aluminum. Digging potatoes to the fifth generation on a measly little family patch, the typical peasant is so unhopeful of his land, so ignorant is he of crop rotation, that when bauxite land gatherers offer a cash premium, he quickly leads his family into the sudden slavery of shantytown. So too in Jamaica—for every peasant holding that is vacated up north in St. Anne's Parish, there will soon be several more dead souls in West Kingston. Bauxite, the university statisticians record sadly, has dispossessed 30,000 but brought jobs to only 7,000.

In the face of this all but demoralizing prospect, what can be done? The first thing the *New World Quarterly* circle wants to do is assess the special shapes slavery, emancipation and decolonization have taken in the Caribbean in general and on their own islands in particular, and then, but only then, theorize from those closely observed particulars. Slavery, Orlando Patterson explained to the Afro-Caribbean seminar, was at once peculiarly harsh and peculiarly permissive in Jamaica. The high ratio (10-to-1) of slaves to free meant that the latter could never be policed at night. Thus they got used to being mighty uppity when not overseen at work, and the landowners, mainly absentee, had to acquiesce. But because overseers worked on commissions (the owners fought yellow fever at the safe distance of London and their country estates), they took no care of the capital investment, which is to say enslaved human beings. Blacks did not reproduce under this harsh regime, and fresh incursions of Africans kept an awareness of African origins more alive than it was in the United States.

Such conditions produced a more volatile black population, much less acculturated than the antebellum U.S. field Negroes may have become. Jamaicans are proud of their heritage of revolt; the rebellions of 1865 and 1938 are as resonant to them as 1776 and 1861 to us.

There is little of the self-deluding "blacks can do no wrong" copping out in the new Caribbean ideology. Novelist Patterson mocked the nationalists who speculate that Jamaica's blacks came from the toughest, most prestigious stock of West Africa. How unlikely, retorted Patterson: the tougher the tribe, the less enslaved. So high-class Ashanti were in most likelihood brokering the weakest blacks for exports to America. One suspects that this unflinching search for the details, this contempt for self-pity, is the most important contribution the Caribbean could make to the black-identity crisis. These Third Worlders, when discussing Cuba and Russia and China with some fairly wordy rhetoricians on full fellowships in America, refused to indulge in cant. Cuba showed us, one Jamaican professor argued, that you can't get out of sugar if you don't have the economic levers to make the break; you can't even *modernize* sugar without going into escrow to that Ivan-come-lately imperialist—Moscow.

They know their best hope is economic integration, Caribbean-wide. The GNP of the total area is $10 billion—$7 billion of which are Cuba's and Puerto Rico's. But when you subtract those U.S. and USSR satrapies from the gross, you net, essentially, Britain's former territories. Significantly, *The Daily Gleaner* (January 6) headlined Sir Philip Sherlock's inaugural address to the International Conference on Hemispheric Relations in the Caribbean as "Commonwealth will break up if race question is not understood." The secretary-general of the newly formed Association of Caribbean Universities and Research Institute made an eloquent plea to the gathering of social scientists to break the stranglehold of mainland-oriented thinking by sponsoring ideologies and patterns of education based on the realities of the region.

Merwyn Morris, poet, Rhodes scholar and warden of Taylor Hall, U.W.I., cited in a lecture to the Afro-Caribbean seminar a Jamaican headmaster who had just refused to have his syllabus "debased" by the inclusion of West Indian writers. On the contrary, Sir Philip praised the emerging indigenous literature —especially its poetry—for its aid in accomplishing

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a "discovery of ourselves." He demanded new syllabuses, at all levels and rich in West Indian history and lore, all of which had to be pioneered by the universities. He announced at the conference, to set an example, the beginning of a trilingual (English, Spanish, French) journal to become a vehicle for contact among the schools of social science in the region and to improve communications among their faculties. (It is 1,000 miles between Trinidad-Tobago and Jamaica, the two biggest English-speaking components of the Commonwealth Caribbean region; and it takes six weeks for a book ordered by air to be delivered by sea from London; the daily *New York Times* costs 85c airmail.)

Media underdevelopment is in fact a major problem for the West Indian intellectual who is trying to shield his almost guttering flames of self-identity from the electronic hurricanes that begin a few hundred miles north in Miami. The scholars responding to Sherlock's inaugural decried the "mass invasion of material" from U.S. media, decided that a reorganization of the communications system of the Caribbean was the first step in fighting the benign tyranny of the Good Neighbor.

It would appear then that the Caribbean's chances for pursuing a separate way in the heavy weather always being churned up around the northern rim of its sea depend on the tough-mindedness of its new cadre of university intellectuals, men who puzzle the observer by being at once very radical and very circumspect. Once these circumspect radicals get their region into focus they will need to use newer media to close the literal and figurative gulfs surrounding each separate island. It may be the final irony of a misfitting colonial heritage that their education fits them supremely for doing the former while almost wholly incapacitating them for the latter. American writers and academicians involved in black-identity struggles at home must try to comprehend those black clouds rolling over Jamaica. Indeed, island economic developers might do well to encourage a "higher" tourism by filling the summer-empty university with American schoolteachers preparing to teach black studies at home. □

REVOLT IN SANTA BARBARA

WHY THEY BURNED THE BANK

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and MILTON MANKOFF
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Santa Barbara

For generations this California coastal community has been known for its gentle climate, magnificent beaches and conservative citizenry. Physical attributes combined with a sedate social life made it an ideal retirement resort for the very rich.

In the past decade, a branch of the University of California has burgeoned in neighboring Goleta. Once an easygoing state college, UCSB has not been able to throw off its reputation as the "play school" of the California university system—the place for surfing, the place to avoid if you have serious intellectual or political interests. Until very recently, anyone coming here fresh from the turmoil of other major universities felt himself thrown back to the cultural and political campus atmosphere of the late fifties.

As UCSB grew, previously undeveloped adjacent land was bought up by real estate operators for the construction of student apartment complexes and private dormitories. This unincorporated community, called Isla Vista, now covers 1.5 square miles; it houses at least 10,000 students and other young people, and almost no adults. It is perhaps the first youth ghetto.

On Wednesday, February 25, hundreds of Isla Vista residents drove police from the area with a barrage of rocks, set fire to a patrol car, stoned and vandalized almost every realty company in the community, and finally burned the local branch of the Bank of America to the ground. It was the second of four days of severe street fighting and property destruction in Isla Vista. On Tuesday afternoon hundreds of youths had attempted to prevent police from arresting two residents. They pulled the youths out of a patrol car, set it afire, stoned the police and broke the bank's windows. The Wednesday night disturbances followed a speech by William Kunstler, lawyer for the Chicago 7, before a UCSB stadium crowd of perhaps 7,000. On Thursday, Governor Reagan appeared in town to proclaim a "state of extreme emergency" and to announce the beefing up of security forces on the scene. But that evening, hundreds of students ignored curfew regulations, and again succeeded in driving the police from Isla Vista with rocks and Molotov cocktails. Thursday's disturbances were finally quelled by helicopters spraying tear gas and by the arrival of the National Guard. By Friday night, the Guard was out in force, and torrential rain helped squelch further outbreaks.

As of Saturday, property damage was estimated at several hundred thousand dollars (including the $350,000 bank building). One hundred and thirty-six

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persons had been arrested; at least one-third of the County Sheriff's deputies had been injured; one student had been severely hurt by a speeding highway patrol vehicle; one university employee had been wounded by police gunfire. The state of emergency continued in Isla Vista. On the campus public meetings were banned and university officials threatened dismissal of students and staff who could be shown to have participated in violence. Meanwhile, politicians at all levels and in both parties competed, in this election year, for the most effective epithets to hurl at the demonstrators. As "law and order" hysteria mounted, however, no one seemed prepared to face publicly the obvious central question: Why would hundreds of California's "golden youth" of upper-middle-class background participate in direct attacks on the police and property, and above all in the *burning of a bank*? Why would hundreds of others observe these activities with approval? Why would thousands of other students, even if disturbed by the tactics, nevertheless concur with the intent behind them? Politicians and the media attempted to avoid these questions by discovering outside agitators and conspirators, Kunstler being the most obvious suspect. But sooner or later the blunt fact must be faced—thousands of young people, hitherto politically indifferent, had taken part in something very like an insurrectionary act.

To understand how this happened, one must see how the living conditions in Isla Vista, the experiences on campus and more general cultural and political events converged to kindle the consciousness of the students.

Isla Vista is a ghetto and its residents share many of the grievances of other ghetto dwellers. For years, owners have charged high rents for overcrowded apartments. Although the school year is eight and a half months, rental contracts require payments for ten months. In many cases each student is held responsible for the entire rent, even if his roommates, who may be strangers, decamp. Security deposits of up to $100 per apartment are rarely returned in full, if at all. Almost all of the real estate agents refused to accept a standard contract drawn up by the Associated Students of UCSB just a week before the disturbance.

Like other ghetto dwellers, Isla Vistans suffer constant police harassment. The widespread use of drugs in the community has been the ground for systematic undercover surveillance, raids and other busts. Most UCSB students have been subjected to unprovoked identification checks. Black Student Union leaders and other political activists have experienced late-night apartment busts.

Isla Vista sits in total geographical isolation. It fronts on the ocean, and is bounded on one side by the sprawling university campus and elsewhere by marshes. Its main street—the Embarcadero—offers two dozen financially shaky shops and eateries catering to the tastes of the youth culture, a couple of inferior bookstores and superior record shops, a few overpriced supermarkets, a pool hall, a semi-art movie house, and until February 26, the centrally located and imposing Bank of America building. Despite the proximity of the ocean and the reliability of the gentle sun, daily life in Isla Vista has been surprisingly gray and downright boring. Students have tried to fill the hollowness with drugs, music, extravagant dress, handicrafts, sex.

An explanation of the relative absence of politics from the student culture here would take considerable space. Enough to say that radicalism and militancy have until recently tended to develop among students whose parents are liberal, highly educated professionals. Young people with such parents have been much quicker to engage in protest than have students from other sectors of the middle class or the white working class. UCSB students are more likely to come from conservative, business-oriented homes than are, say, students at Berkeley or the other campuses noted for activism.

At UCSB "alienation" has been expressed almost entirely in cultural terms. In the past couple of years, Santa Barbara students have become increasingly self-conscious about their life style. They now characteristically express a deep yearning for a "humanistic" way of life—that is, an unjostled place in the sun where love, simplicity and individuality can be supported.

By last year, many students had begun to see that their chance of sustaining such a life style was severely threatened by a variety of social and political realities. One of the first developments to awaken the campus in this respect was the emergence of the black students. They seized a university building, demanding a Black Studies Department and an end to campus racism. Their revolt engendered guilt in many white students—a guilt that turned to anger against the obvious police harassment of Black Student Union leaders. White students did not need much imagination to connect their own experience of narcotics arrests with the persecution of black students.

Moreover, BSU demands for basic educational reform led many white students to question the "relevance" of their courses and to an awareness of their own lack of voice in university government. The first major Santa Barbara campus protest in which sizable numbers of whites participated involved the "seizure" of the Student Union, and its temporary conversion into a free university. By the end of the 1968-69 academic year, as a result of these experiences and of the Berkeley People's Park controversy, an active constituency for student power had emerged on the previously dormant campus. It looked as though the quest for a new life style had determined students to find out whether the university, despite its impersonality, its bureaucracy, its terribly straight faculty and its packaged

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curriculum, could be made into a fundamental resource for constructing new values and meanings.

During this same period, another set of experiences was also "politicizing" UCSB students. The oil-drilling catastrophe struck the Santa Barbara Channel, and nothing could more concretely threaten the students' daily freedom than the spoiling of the ocean shore. In the ensuing year, the gushing of oil onto the beaches has been accompanied by an outpouring of promises from politicians—promises which have had no effect whatever on the fact that the drilling and the spilling continue. Also during

Noonan

this past year, it became clear that the university administration intended to push plans for a federally funded freeway to service campus traffic—a project which would destroy a rare salt-water marsh and bird refuge, and guarantee pollution of the local air. On the anniversary of the oil blowout, some 500 students staged a sixteen-hour sit-in to block the use of the city wharf by oil company vehicles.

It was a harsh lesson, then, that many students at UCSB were learning: just when they were beginning to find ways to break out of programmed lives and to create new values, they discovered that they had precious little individual collective power to protect what they sought to build.

The lesson was driven home by more remote events. The war, for instance, and the callous disdain of the President for the peaceful, dignified moratorium demonstrations. The draft lottery, which had raised the hopes of many for freedom from conscription and from the devices employed to evade it, turned out a great disillusionment when draft boards quickly announced that no number would be "safe." This year's movies—*Easy Rider*, *Alice's Restaurant*, *Medium Cool*—all reinforced the basic lessons of insecurity and impotence, as did the faces and voices of national and state politics: Nixon, Reagan, Agnew, Mitchell and the rest.

The conspiracy trial in Chicago seemed to bring the whole scene into focus. It would be hard to overstress the fascination felt by students here for the events in Judge Hoffman's courtroom. They became topics of daily conversation. When Tom Hayden visited the campus, UCSB radical leaders were stunned by the size of the crowd that turned out to hear him.

In the days following Hayden's appearance, Radical Union activists concluded a petition campaign they had organized on behalf of Prof. William Allen, a popular, unorthodox anthropology teacher, whose contract had been terminated in what the RU and others alleged to be a "political firing." Again the organized radicals were surprised, for 7,776 students (considerably more than half the student body) signed the petition calling for an "open hearing" on the Allen case. On January 29, a pro-Allen rally called by the RU drew at least 2,000 students to the plaza in front of the administration building. For a week thereafter thousands of students massed daily under magnificent sunshine for large rallies, parades, building blockades and other nonviolent demonstrations.

The administration, acting under new state laws, called for police; several hundred were drawn from surrounding counties, to keep the main plaza clear. The students assiduously avoided violence, confrontation and systematic disruption. Still, nineteen RU leaders were arrested, including several who were busted in nighttime apartment raids. The faculty senate met for more than five hours on February 3, and in a tangle of parliamentary obfuscation, passed resolutions rejecting the substance of student demands, and affirming faculty "control," departmental autonomy, "confidentiality" and other sacred canons of traditional academic freedom. Student bitterness was deep. Many had viewed Allen as a significant model of the life style to which they aspired. They valued as major assets his experimental approach to teaching and his openness with students. Most students agreed that they ought to have some capacity to make the faculty accountable, some direct voice in the educational process, some way of protecting unconventional, exciting teachers who did not meet the rigidly "professional" criteria of conventional departments.

Just before the senate met, the student demonstrators had reached a peak of joyful, nonviolent militance. Two thousand of them had invaded the faculty club. Some proceeded rapidly to construct barricades of the dining-room furniture. The majority, sensing that this violated the spirit of the demonstration, replaced the furniture, wiped the tables, swept the floors. Meanwhile, many took the opportunity to skinny-dip in the faculty pool; music and dancing permeated the area. Then, well before the police could decide how to handle the situation, the students departed in a happy mass. After the senate meeting, there was a noticeable depression in the campus mood. The Allen demonstrations pe-

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tered out, with no successful resolution, and with the leadership facing jail and disciplinary action.

There is no doubt that the inability of this broadly popular, good-natured and peaceful campus protest to achieve anything but a repressive, unyielding response from the administration and faculty severely undermined the legitimacy of university authority in the eyes of the students. Moreover, they asked, if peaceful assembly and petition could be ignored in a university, what hope could be held out for peaceful change in the country at large?

In the three weeks that followed, the Chicago contempt citations and verdicts came down, the Isla Vista realty companies refused to sign a standard contract, the university regents voted tuition for the first time in California history and the Governor's budget eliminated the program of scholarship aid to minority students at the university.

Event after event conspired to alienate previously nonpolitical students from the basic institutions of their society and to erode their respect for authority at every level. The organized campus radicals sought "programmatic" ways to organize this frustration and energy, for long-term commitment and action. When the dam broke, it was not the Radical Union activists who supplied initiative and leadership. The students who engaged in violence were not usually political activists. They were "average" students, from conservative backgrounds, with little prior political experience. Radical activists tend to have sophisticated notions of political theory, strategy and tactics. Their outrage has been disciplined into organizational activity; they are typically too "rational" to become "adventurist." When violent mass protest occurs, it is far more likely to be initiated by previously apolitical youth. Once they have lost faith in legitimate authority, and see normal channels blocked, the political newcomers express their rage in ways less tempered by questions of proper strategy and tactics.

Thus Tuesday's outbreak began as a spontaneous reaction to an instance of police harassment which occurred in the view of hundreds of students. By Wednesday, some Isla Vistans were clearly ready for more. After Kunstler's speech, a rally began in a park adjacent to the Bank of America. Tensions were high because of the events of the night before, and because the local sheriff and a state Senator had predicted further violence. Suddenly the police arrested a young man who was carrying a wine jug. He resisted and was severely clubbed. At that point the rocks started flying, police cars were charged, and the police were driven off.

The selective systematic property destruction of Wednesday evening was possible only because the police had been easily forced out of Isla Vista. This in turn was possible because the county police forces were grossly inadequate. About seventy-five men were immediately available; of these about twenty-five had been injured on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. The remaining force could not control the situation and had to leave until reinforcements could arrive (this took perhaps five hours). Firemen refrained from entering the area for similar reasons. As it became clear that the police had left, the massed young people began to develop and implement a crude political strategy on the spot—they would systematically attack property. Students who participated in or supported the actions of that night reported the following as their objectives: "To teach the police that they cannot keep harassing us at will"; "to show the realtors that they must deal with us seriously"; "to force the university authority and politicians to recognize us"; "to show the country that the Chicago trial has not scared us"; "to force people to think about the system."

Why was the bank attacked? Many students mentioned specific facts about the Bank of America—it was one of the banks that had given credit to the South African Government after Sharpeville; it serves as the reserve bank in Vietnam where U.S. military funds are deposited; its dummy corporation in the San Joaquin Valley, the Agribusiness Investment Company, has refused to negotiate with Cesar Chavez's union. But one student expressed the perhaps most salient reason: "It was the biggest capitalist thing around."

Why, then, did hundreds of well-mannered sons and daughters of California's conservative upper-middle class participate in what the Bank of America defined as an "act of insurrection"? They did so, first, because they had caught a glimpse of authentic freedom and fulfillment and they wanted to secure it. Second, their daily life on campus and off, directly and through the media, was teaching them that aspiration was impermissible and thoroughly unrealistic. Third, their commitment to civility and order had been flatly dismissed by politicians, administrators, faculty and other representatives of authority. Fourth, they are average Americans who believe that violence has pragmatic value, especially for making people take you seriously. Fifth, they had grown to hate the police, and on this occasion had been specifically provoked by acts of police harassment and brutality. Sixth, they are in increasingly deep despair.

It might be asked whether bank burning, like draft-card burning, will become a national movement. It surely seems doubtful that there will ever be a repetition of the special logistical conditions which obtained in Isla Vista on that Wednesday night: an undermanned police force; ocean breezes to clear away tear gas; a youth ghetto into which combatants could disappear; no available riot-control equipment, etc. But what happened in Santa Barbara ought to warn this country's managers that they have just about exhausted the loyalty of the country's youth. For if these all-American kids could "radicalize" so rapidly and with such spectacular result, what will blow next? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Resurrection for a Little While

THE EYE-BEATERS, BLOOD, VICTORY, MADNESS, BUCKHEAD AND MERCY. *By James Dickey. Doubleday & Co. 63 pp. $4.95. Paper $2.45.*

RICHARD HOWARD

Mr. Howard's most recent books are Alone With America: Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950 *and his third volume of poems,* Untitled Subjects *(both Atheneum).*

Those who come cold to this new collection—a dozen extended texts playing fast and loose with a handful of intended emblems—will not, at first sight, be warmed. The look of these poems on the page is disconcerting: forms are sundered, wrenched apart rather than wrought together; rhythms are an inference from the speaking voice rather than a condition of it; lines are spread or sprung between margin and gutter to produce luminous, layered walls of print, a Rothko of language, often aerated by great white holes; or else the rifted phrases, cunningly enjambed, are centered, one over the other, to erect a column of symmetrical deformities, a kind of shaped prose. *Long lines in the air*, Dickey calls them, and like Blake's prophecies, their mere aspect intimidates—willed to the end, spacious enough to accommodate death-defying leaps of revelation, spare enough to collapse upon a single word.

As a poet of five incandescent volumes amassed within a decade into a monument (*Poems 1957-1967*), as a critic whose appetite and opinions range, indeed, *From Babel to Byzantium*, as a winner of the National Book Award, as a Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress, and pre-eminently as an athlete of the *personal appearance* (what other kind? what less? as he would ask)—James Dickey has seen to it that not many of us will approach his work cold. The very persistence of such solicitude as his may have chilled some readers, may have caused them to come, by now, cool to this ebullient career. But whatever the temperature readings among Mr. Dickey's readers, I should like to hover briefly over the situation of his poetry as it was so handsomely packaged three years ago, before having a look at recent manifestations, further developments.

Renewal, transcendence, ecstasy—he has sought these things in his own person, and by any means, at all costs. At all costs to the art as well as to the artist's life, Dickey seeks and speaks for a triumph over death, a transformation within the merely mortal body, praying somehow to live, convulsively, explosively, beyond the norms of utterance. It cannot be socialized, this vision, it cannot even be shared—it can only be given, given away, given over. Abjuring myth and even narrative, foreswearing ritual and even recurrence, the poet has recast the entire process of poetry as he himself has practiced and proved it into an ecstasy without fixtures, an awakening without constants, a sublimity without negation.

Sleeping off the light / of the world . . . what could I do but make the graveyards soar? James Dickey now asks—though there is a charged assertion in the "question" as the poet puts it, *like a king starting out on a journey / away from all things that he knows.* This new book is clamorous with unknowns, with quittances, with relegations: *How the body works / how hard it works / is not everything: everything is how / much glory in it. . . .* And though there are recapitulations, too, inferences from the old imperial phenomenology: *I thirsted like a prince / then like a king / then like an empire like a world / on fire*—though there are echoes, contaminations of the mineral litanies of moon and stone which had led to the wrong ecstasy (wrong because unchanging, unrenewed): *On magic ground / of the dead new world . . . in the universal playground / of stones . . . we walk, our glass heads shimmering with absolute heat / and cold . . . We will take back the very stones / of Time, and build it where we live*—though there are rueful and middle-aged invocations to sport, punning imageries of physical prowess: *out over water and back / to earth . . . that is all, but like all joy / on earth and water, / in bones and in wings and in light / it is a gamble. It is play*—there is in this latest, glancingly titled volume a gaining emphasis on release, on regeneration and renewal out of suffering and failure itself, out of the flagging and the painful and the hindered, which makes against any sustained performance, any consistency of practice in the art: *we are this world: we are / the only men. What hope is there at home / in the azure of breath, or here with the stone dead secret?*

From a fallen life, an aging body, a disgraceful age, Dickey craves not identity nor even delectation but *Deliverance*, as his new novel is called, and his impatience with the procedures of tradition (*tell me what I need to know about my time / in the world . . . light me a torch with what we have preserved / of lightning*), his fury with the delations of biography (*the mad weeping Keeper who can't keep / a God-damned thing who knows he can't keep everything / or anything alive: none of his rooms, his people, / his past, his youth, himself, / but cannot let them die*), explore the meaning of his search even as they no longer exploit but merely explode the means.

No poetry of our time is so determined upon exaltation, no poetry of our time is so exposed to debasement. The wonder of it, and the reward, is the success in submission (*so have you changed to this*), the assent which turns to ascent: *Companion, if we climb our mortal bodies / high . . . we shall find ourselves / flying with the life / of the birds of death*; the assumption of mortality, darkness, torment (*pure triumph, pure acceptance*) which positively "enables" transfiguration: *the words written after the end / of every marriage manual, back / to the beginning, saying / Change; form again; flee.*

When it is said that a man has fallen, as I have said it of Dickey and as he so often says it of himself, though he says that he is falling, our latest Lucifer, *falling back / back to the body-raising fire . . . back from the dark side / of the mind*—when this world is called a fallen world, what is meant is that our soul, our aspirations, our hungers have collapsed into our present body, our present landscape, and that the instruments of our transcendence are at the same time the tools of our undoing: *resurrection for a little while*, as Dickey laments and exults.

Visiting a home for blind children and inventing a fiction of archetypal reversion to save his reason, in the most exorbitant and inevitably the most intimate of all his title poems, "The Eye-Beaters," Dickey affords a clue if not a key to his extravagant, his excessive creations; what we merely see is not enough, yet the fictions—the poems—by which we might beguile our blindness are not the case (*Indeed I know it is not so / I am trying to make it / make something / make them make me / reinvent the vision of the race / knowing the blind must see / by magic or nothing*).

These contradictions between life as we know it to be and life as we make

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it up for ourselves (*I have put history out*), these terrible reversals of what is given and what is taken, generate for Dickey—he tells us straight out: *I pass beyond in secret / in perversity and the sheer / despair of invention*—a transcendental poetics of the fallen world, a phenomenology of light and darkness, rising and falling, burning, turning and submitting (to list his five favorite gerunds) which can accommodate any experience, even the most trivial, the most degrading, or the most grandiose—such as being the Luce Publications laureate on the occasion of the moonshot.

I. A. Richards once said that poems have been written on mountaintops during thunderstorms, but not good poems; nor is Dickey's "Apollo," addressed to us from the mind of an astronaut on the moon, a "good poem." But addressed to us from the mind of James Dickey it is a great poem, a hymn of recuperation, a reiteration in the original sense of the word, a going-over, from the merciless perfections of death to all the chronicles of diminution which star this book: "Diabetes," "The Cancer Match," "Madness," "Venom," "Variations on Estrangement."

It is not the Pentagon-primed scapegoat who speaks thus, but the poet of natural consummation, traveling *back through the last dark / of the moon, past the dim ritual / random stones of oblivion, and through the blinding edge / of moonlight into the sun / beholding the blue planet* [earth] *steeped in its dream of reality, its calculated vision shaking with / the only love.* Consummation, the burning of the world and the fulfillment of a sacred marriage—that is the analogy of all Dickey's poetry; that is what he makes of the moon, or of the return from the moon: *a final form / and color at last comes out / of you alone putting it all / together like nothing / here like almighty / glory.*

In the unfallen world, which is to say in the risen world, the world where there is no contrast between a man's desire and his power, in what Blake calls Eden, there are two fundamental processes of the imagination, warfare and hunting. In the fallen world from which Dickey seeks deliverance, these processes are perverted into different kinds of murder; though as far back as "The Heaven of Animals" Dickey had articulated the intuition of a transfigured being: *at the cycle's center, / they fall, they are torn, / they rise, they walk again.*

My references to Blake, in characterizing the look of Dickey's new poems as well as their license, are merely a response to Dickey's own lead. In a glorious new poem of hunting, "The Lord in the Air," Dickey quotes Blake, who tells us *to make a friend and companion of these Images of wonder.* Dickey ends "The Eye-Beaters," moreover, with the line *bring me my spear.* And it is in Blake's spirit that Dickey celebrates his son's hunting in this poem, gloating when the boy blows a wood whistle that will lure the crows to *meet the Lord / of their stolen voice in the air*, exulting that a man has the power *in a sound like warning, like marriage . . . to call out the black birds, but not for betrayal, or to call / up death or desire, but only to give give what was never.*

In the unfallen world to which these poems always allude, to which they sometimes approach, and which they even, at appalling moments, create; in the risen world, then, hunting and warfare become struggle and search, as Blake saw in his Titanic vision of Orc piercing into *the elemental Planets and the orbs of eccentric fire*, of the Creator God twisting the sinews of the Tyger's heart. That is the consummation of these texts which insist upon anguish and madness, which in their very presentment on the page rehearse mortality. It is James Dickey's achievement, a great achievement even for him, to see the risen world "through" the other one, through *an enormous green bright growing No / that frees forever.*

The cost to his poetry is tremendous, for it has cost him the poems themselves—there are not poems here, I mean to say, there is only—only!—poetry; the cost to himself he reckons up in a terrible litany of losses: *an everyday—a livable death at last.* What is gained is that giant utterance, the expression of a state wherein *the earth's whole history blazes / to become this light / for you are released to all others, / all places and times of all . . . dead, immortal, or coming.* □

The End of Innocence

BEING BUSTED. *By Leslie Fiedler. Stein & Day. 255 pp. $5.95.*

PAUL CHEVIGNY
Mr. Chevigny, on the staff counsel of the ACLU, is the author of Police Power: Police Abuses in New York City *(Pantheon).*

As a book, *Being Busted* is indeed busted up in some odd and exasperating ways. Fiedler was himself, of course, arrested in Buffalo upon a charge of maintaining premises for the use of narcotics (a crime so difficult to define that hardly anyone has ever been convicted of it). Any reader would expect the book, then, to be about the Buffalo case. And so the last part of it is; but the book as a whole is built around a perverse sort of suspense device—how Fiedler should, by all odds, have been busted repeatedly, during his life, but narrowly escaped each time until the last. It thus becomes the autobiography of the politically engaged man—the man who takes risks. The Buffalo cavalry does not catch up with Chief Fiedler until the end.

The device is not very successful. One is tempted at first to say that it does not come off because the risks have not been very great: Fiedler tells us of narrow escapes from an arrest for a street-corner speech in Newark in the thirties, and of dismissal from the University of Montana because of his supposed radical opinions and obscene writings. The nature of these risks would not matter if their importance to Fiedler were clear. But Fiedler does not really tell us anything of his politics or of his other opinions. He does not tell us why it was important to him to run these risks, or even much of what he felt about them.

One feels in the presence of a raconteur, with tales about dumb cops in Newark, dinosaur politics in Montana, and finally crooked cops in Buffalo. He is engagingly frank in the social way of the storyteller, but he does not reveal anything about himself. So frank is Fiedler, in fact, that he tells us in so many words that he has recounted the earlier episodes over the years, presumably until they attained their present form, and were miraculously given their reason for being by the Buffalo bust. The first two stories are good yarns, then, but the account of the last, essential one raises a host of questions that it does not answer.

The use of a narcotics arrest for political purposes, especially against an academic figure, is a matter of enormous public interest. In the last few years, many controversial people have claimed that phony or exaggerated narcotics charges have been brought to destroy or immobilize them. Martin Sostre, for example, a militant and Left black, now serving a long prison term, has said that he was framed by the police in a manner disturbingly similar to the one used against Fiedler, and in the same city, Buffalo. Fiedler, however, is the only one, to my knowledge, who has had evidence, straight out of the mouth of the police informer, about the motives and practices of the authorities. A girl, friendly with the Fiedler family, was sent into the household wearing a micro-

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phone and subsequently carrying a plant of narcotics. Fiedler's attorney took a statement to this effect (printed in the book) and although the girl later recanted, any rational person would take it to be the most reliable account of the facts. (A local judge seems nevertheless to have taken the girl's recantation to be true at a motion to suppress the evidence.)

Thus Fiedler's case is an important one, demanding careful analysis. But Fiedler does not really explain the facts, much less their political, social or legal implications. It appears that at the time he was arrested for maintaining a premises for the use of narcotics, his son was arrested for possession of drugs. After the local judiciary had rejected a defense motion to exclude the drug evidence on the ground that unlawful means were used to obtain it, we learn that the son pleaded guilty to a charge reduced from a felony to a misdemeanor. (The father's case is still pending, untried.) The guilty plea was made, Fiedler tells us, to appeal the issue of the unlawful search, a usual procedure when a defendant admits possession and claims only that the search was unlawful, but an unusual one when the defendant claims that the evidence was planted. One cannot be guilty of possessing planted evidence, although, if the political situation is bad enough, one may *plead* guilty.

If the son's decision was made because there was evidence in addition to what was planted, Fiedler's case remains important because of the microphone and other paraphernalia of the modern political vendetta. It would offer him an opportunity to mount a broad attack on the marijuana laws, and on all statutes which are widely at variance with public habits and attitudes, because of their potential for abuse against people like himself. If the decision was made, even though all evidence *had* been planted, because the lawyers considered it nearly certain that the local courts would find at a trial that it had not been planted, and were unwilling to run the risk of a felony conviction and an enormous prison sentence, the case is even more important. It would offer Fiedler an opportunity to attack the system of criminal justice which forces lawyers to make such choices, and the corrupt, closed political system of our medium-sized cities. The choice of these alternatives is the essence of Fiedler's story, but he does not make them clear to us.

It is understandable that the author might hesitate to undertake such a job, with his own case awaiting trial and his son's on appeal. It is a pity that he did not wait to finish this book until the cases were over; I would like to hear the end of his best yarn. □

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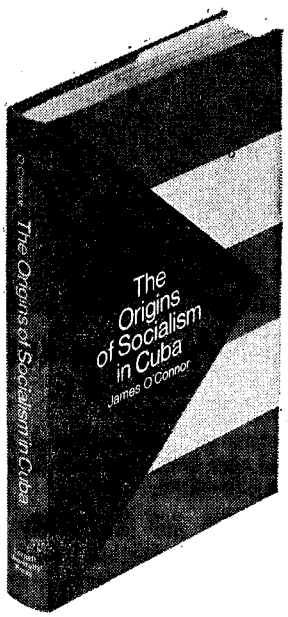

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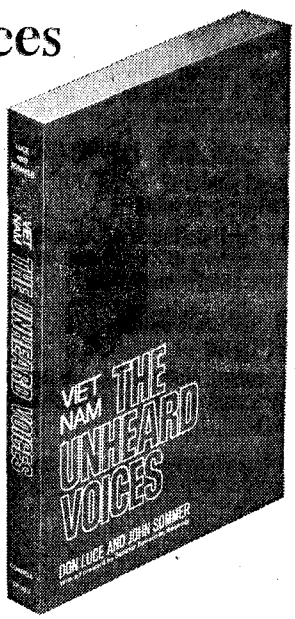

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My Granpa's Scalp

WRIGHT MORRIS: A Reader. *Harper & Row. 648 pp. $12.95.*

WAYNE BOOTH
Mr. Booth teaches English at the University of Chicago, and is the author of The Rhetoric of Fiction *(University of Chicago Press). He is in London this year on a Guggenheim Fellowship.*

Here at last is a *Reader* that is justified, and the enthusiastic reviewer has himself a reader problem. There *you* are out there, some of you, already aware of the riches that *any* collection of Wright Morris will inevitably offer: honest men all, slow readers, brothers, we know what we know. And then there are all those others, some of whom we would like to think could be converted to Wright Morris if they only *read* him. Granville Hicks solves the problem in his introduction by cutting all the badgering to a paragraph:

> Those of us who strongly admire the work of Wright Morris—a not altogether inconsiderable number of not altogether inconsiderable people—are always wondering why everybody doesn't see his writings as we see them, as one of the most imposing edifices on the contemporary literary horizon. We, who look forward to each book of his as it is announced, and talk about it with excitement when it appears, cannot understand why so many pulses remain calm. . . . When anyone set out to list the best living novelists, his name is usually mentioned. But not always, not automatically, as it ought to be. . . . Both he and the reading public are getting less than they deserve.

Then follows a really fine overview of what the Morris world offers—one that somehow manages to address both kinds of reader at once.

I can't manage it, myself. So here are three reviews, one for you and one to clip out and give to the benighted others; the third is a postscript. For reasons that will be obvious the first review is the shortest.

REVIEW No. 1

Wright Morris: A Reader is a beautiful selection, made by Morris himself, from his novels, short stories and criticism. Arranged by "scene" ("On the Plains," "On the Road," "In the Suburbs," "And Elsewhere"), it includes all of *The Works of Love* and *The Field of Vision*, which have been out of print for a long time; solid excerpts from eight other works, including the opening of that first one, the one you've not been able to lay your hands on, *My Uncle Dudley* (1942); "The Ram in the Thicket" (an earlier version of *Man and Boy*) and "The Safe Place"; and two selections from *The Territory Ahead.* Harper & Row has done a handsome job of putting it together. Unless you own all of Morris—an unlikely possibility—you will want to own this book.

REVIEW No. 2

All right, class, as we come to the end of this course in Living American Novelists, it is appropriate that we should have a final examination. I'll give you just one little hint before we begin: the answer to every question but one is the same, a *man's name* with six letters in the first name and six letters in the second name. Are you ready?

Question 1: What Living American Novelist has for going on thirty years suffered the widest gap between critical reception and number of buyers and readers?

Question 2: What L.A.N. has produced fourteen novels of the highest quality, two books of criticism, and three books of an entirely new genre (photographs and facing text related in a way never attempted before), and has never once had a decent notice in *T-- N-- Y-----*?

Question 3: What L.A.N. has most vigorously and courageously maintained his own vision against the onslaughts of successive intellectual fashions? (Another hint: some of you may be tempted to answer Saul Bellow to this one, but you should remember that Bellow has had the fortune, whether good or bad, to find the fashions joining his parade—a phenomenon perhaps to his credit [who knows?] but not what we are talking about here.)

Question 4: What L.A.N. could leave us sure, as we read the following passage, that every cliché has been chosen for the weight it can carry, *as cliché*?

> He looked to be a man in the neighborhood of ninety, and his passing, as people referred to it, had been expected from year to year, for the last thirty years. His wife, in good health when she left him, had had that understanding with his children, and the necessary arrangements had all been made. An undertaker in Cozad, the nearest town that had one, would meet the members of the family in Seward, where they would have a simple service, then drive back to Lone Tree and bury him. His father, his mother, and such life as he had lived were buried there. But he did not die. His death was prepared, but he put it off. With little or nothing to live for, he contin-

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ued to live. He had renounced his children the moment it was clear that they intended to face the future, or even worse, like his daughter Lois, make a success of it.

Question 5: What L.A.N. should, because of his rich and steady transformation of raw material into art, cause you to view certain popular dumpings of almost raw material, like *Portnoy's C.* or *In Cold B.*, with a certain bitter amusement?

Question 6: What L.A.N. besides Nabokov (before *Ada*, oh, before *Ada*) and Bellow, stands up really well on rereading or reading aloud, again and again?

Question 7: What L.A.N. could have written the following Platonic disquisition on the ideal and the real:

> A man comes into the world, you might say, when he steps into his first [hotel] lobby, and something of this knowledge brings him there when he expects to depart. If something is missing, the lobby is where he will look for it.
>
> And yet no two lobbies are exactly alike, there is a difference in the rugs, or the lighting, in the women at the desk, the price of the cigars, and the number of plants. There will sometimes be a difference in the men and women you find in them. There may also be a difference in the marble columns, their thickness through the middle, the height of the ceilings, and the quality of the brass—if that is what it is—in the cuspidors. There will often be a difference in the service, the age of the bellhops, the location of the men's room, and the size of the carpets at the sagging side of the beds. But the figure in the carpet will be the same. Not merely in the carpet, but worn into the floor. A man seated on the bed could feel it through his socks, recognize it with his feet. All hotels are alike in this matter, and all the lobbies are more alike than they are different, in that the purpose of every lobby is the same. To be both in, that is, and out of this world.
>
> The same things go along with lobbies that go along with dreams, great and small love affairs, and other arrangements that never seem quite real. The lobby draws a chalk line around this unreal world, so to speak. It tips you off, as the closing of the hymnbooks tips you off in church that the song is finished and that it's time to get set for the prayer. It prepares you for a short flight from one world to a better one. From the real world, where nothing much ever happens, to the unreal world where anything might happen—and sometimes does.

Question 8: Comment on the use of the word *arrangements* in the preceding passage.

Question 9: What L.A.N. could have composed the following postcard message, written by an old father "in yellow underwear with the sleeves rolled," written again and again but never mailed because he never finds it possible to move to the "nice little place" that would justify the card?

> Dear Son—
>
> Have moved. Have nice little place of our own now, two-plate gas. Warm sun in windows every morning, nice view of park. Plan to get new Console radio soon now, let you pick it out. Plan to pick up car so we can drive out in country, get out in air. Turning over in my mind plan to send you to Harvard, send you to Yale. Saw robin in park this morning. Saw him catch worm.

That concludes the examination.

Enough hectoring. Let's forget about the effort (in one sense justified but unfair to him and ourselves) to turn Wright Morris into a piece of cultural hot property, and conclude with:

REVIEW No. 3

Early in *The Works of Love* we read about Brady, "A man who headed no cause, fought in no wars, and passed his life unaware of the great public issues—it might be asked: why trouble with such a man at all? What is there left to say of a man with so much of his life left out? Well, there are women, for one thing—men of such caliber leave a lot up to the women. . . ."

That passage takes time to read, time to imagine each bleak seemingly empty but really inhabited scene, time to reconstruct the immense variety of poignant and funny souls that inhabit this world. Like all of Morris' writing it is both easy and hard reading: easy, because it is clear, purged of obvious forms of cultural freight and verbal trickery; hard, because our own skill in imagining is called for in every line; hard, also, because we will not find Wright Morris' values and themes fitting neatly into categories. Is he a liberal or a conservative? *Avant-garde* or old fogey? Regional or urban? Nostalgic or prophetic? Try to answer Yes or No and we become lost.

By imagining a world through our clichés (a very different thing from a McLuhanesque "probe"), Morris has created an art of making real what is otherwise phony. Whether he is looking at the living room in the home place on a Sunday afternoon or at the beach in Southern California day after tomorrow, he can produce new meanings out of what would otherwise for most of us remain drab bits of evidence for this or that thesis about our troubled culture.

In *The Field of Vision*, Boyd tries to wake up the small boy in the Davy Crockett hat. "It's deader," he says, commenting on a bottle of pop that won't squirt, "than that coonskin cap."

The boy wiped it from his head to look at it. Had he thought it was alive?

"It's a *real* one," he said. "It's not a phony."

"Is that so?" said Boyd. "How do you know?"

The boy stroked the real tail on it, and said, "It cost more. It cost four dollars."

"That's how you can tell?" said Boyd.

The boy did not answer. He didn't like the change of tone. He gazed at Boyd wondering in what way he was being used.

"When I buy your scalp for my belt," said Boyd, "will I know it's real by the wampum it costs me?"

He followed that. He combed his hand through his own thick patch of hair. Did it feel like *real* hair? Uh-huh. He looked it.

"How will I know," said Boyd, holding his advantage, "if it's *your* scalp, or your granpa's?"

You and I saw those same coonskin hats all over the place a few years ago. As I remember it, my own rich and penetrating imagination got only about as far as turning them into symbols of capitalist degradation of our precious myths. And then *The Field of Vision* came along and left me wondering, among other things, whether my scalp is mine or my granpa's. □

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DANCE / Nancy Goldner

On my way to the City Center Joffrey Ballet one evening, a young man approached me on the street to ask if I knew of a singles' bar in the area. I didn't, but I was tempted to suggest that he drop in at the ballet. For the Joffrey company projects a desire to be your friendly local ballet company—with it, funny and young. What further distinguishes this company from others is that it is with it, funny and young with ferocity. It can be counted on to exploit the latest in popular culture, such as multi-media (in *Astarte* and *The Clowns*) and nudity (*The Poppet*), it even picked up the theme song of *Elvira Madigan* (Mozart, of all composers) and managed to create a ballet more sentimental than the movie (*Secret Places*).

The dancers feel compelled to make the audience laugh when actually a chuckle will do. For example, the rivalries between the prima ballerinas in *Pas des Déesses* are wry, not hilarious. And when the dancers are not overdoing humor, they're pushing some other mood to excess. Their forced tension in Jerome Robbins' *Moves* makes the ballet slightly nervous and neurotic, which it isn't. The tendency to make character roles out of the pupil and piano player in Flemming Flindt's *The Lesson* (taken from the Ionesco play) detracts from the ballet's ambiguity. In *Viva Vivaldi!* the dancers try not only to match but to surpass Vivaldi's vivacity. Their intentions are the best: they want the audience to have a good time, and each dancer is intent on being the hostess with the mostest. But I don't want to be knocked dead and left in the aisles. I would like to find my own way to each ballet, and I don't particularly want to swing with each number and just love every minute of it. I wish the Joffrey dancers, and their main choreographer, Gerald Arpino, would leave their laugh cards, cry cards and wow! cards in the wings.

The audiences at the Joffrey ballet are a little frenzied too, for they come determined to have a great time. They laugh too much and too loudly; they applaud and whistle at technical feats that might be worth applause if they were not so vulgarly presented. The delicacies of Bournonville's *William Tell Variations* and *Konservatoriet* and the understated wit of Frederick Ashton's *Façade* seem to find less favor with Joffrey audiences. They want to have a ball; they want to be part of the family. I have often heard people talk of the Joffrey group—and they certainly behave this way in the theatre—with a fondness usually reserved for the family pet.

I suspect that many of these people are holdovers from the 1950s, when the New York City Ballet was performing at the City Center. A decade ago the City Ballet was poorer (it had not yet met the Ford Foundation), and was just coming into its own. But each season brought many new ballets, and some premières were thrown in unannounced. The dancers who formed the core of the company were brilliant and highly individualistic and idiosyncratic in an intelligent way. Thus it was possible to know, in the full sense of the word, each dancer personally and deeply: Maria Tallchief, Tanaquil LeClercq, Janet Reed, Melissa Hayden, Yvonne Mounsey, Patricia Wilde, Herbert Bliss, Hugh Laing, Francisco Moncion, André Eglevsky, and for a short while Nora Kaye. Above all there was George Balanchine, showing us what ballet is about at the rate of several new ballets a season. Everybody knew that the company had no money and so we never expected to see scenery and costumes. But the dancers looked elegant and beautiful in their leotards, for they were dancing in elegant and beautiful ballets by Balanchine, or in truly witty ballets by Jerome Robbins, who was then associate director of the company. The substance of any evening at the City Center during the 1950s was so obviously but unassumingly excellent that nobody had to convince anybody of anything. Because there was then little ballet to be seen, anyone who liked the art—a little or a lot—found himself at the City Center. The audience became a distinct body of individuals who shared a common interest, and they had the good sense and good fortune to love something that was worth loving. The audience knew it, and one felt that the company knew it also. The atmosphere was relaxed and honest.

Now the New York City Ballet has taken up residence at Lincoln Center. The ballets are just as excellent, which, of course, is the crucial matter. Though the company is richer, it is not fatter. While the dancers as a whole are less interesting—that is, less mature—than they used to be, they are in fact superb and are in the enviable position of not having to overcompensate for flimsy choreography. But it is also true, sadly, that the larger audience at Lincoln Center carries a price tag: there is less homogeneity and less love. Those who come are in large part an audience more attracted to Lincoln Center than to the ballet, and they do not seem to have caught on to the Balanchine style. My guess is that many of them would prefer to be wowed by the Joffrey company, but fear that their fancy dresses would look silly at the unglamorous City Center. In reality, though, these well-dressed, well-mannered people find the well-mannered and subtle dancers and ballets of the present-day City Ballet uncomfortably alien.

Back at the City Center, another kind of uncomfortable atmosphere prevails. The audience is trying to recapture the community feeling and hominess that existed a decade ago. There is one catch: a different company. Instead of Balanchine there is Arpino. He is a choreographer without a face, whose versatility has increasingly obscured rather than revealed identity and style. He can churn out a purely virtuoso piece (the new *Confetti* or *Fanfarita*), a romantic interlude (*Secret Places*), ballets heavy with theme (*The Poppet*), ballets heavy with production (*The Clowns*). He can even do the new math, ballets that in-

THE OTHER ONE

I am alive inside another woman.
I wish to grieve; she will not grieve with me.
I ought to wear myself to skin and bone
But she is flesh and will not pity me.
She has known how to love and, loving still,
Gathers in sunlight like a leafy tree.
The swerving wind walks with her and her hands
Hold the red globes of apples in October:
This was the month of doom and should be dark.
I dress in black; she will not look at me.
She has a man who likes to handle her,
Likes to implant her deeply with a rapture
Before she sleeps. She sleeps apart from me,
Shameless and happy, confident in the end
I must betray myself and be her friend.

Marion Lineaweaver

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corporate movements from modern dance and are angular and dissonant (the new *Solarwind*, to Jacob Druckman's electronic score). And they all look like hand-me-downs from better choreographers, with the only Arpino touch being sentimentality and vulgarity. Even the new virtuoso ballet, *Confetti*, for all its genuine ebullience, pushes too much. There are too many climaxes, too many tricky lifts, and a dependence on running exits and entrances to generate excitement.

At several of the quieter moments, when the dancers settle down to what is usually gracious adagio movement and mood, humor is injected once again, as if Arpino did not fully trust the grand manner that ballerinas and cavaliers display in *pas de deux*. He felt compelled to poke fun at aristocratic behavior, which is at the very core of ballet. If a choreographer must undermine the most basic attitude of ballet with a joke, I wonder if he is working in a medium that suits him.

This point about *Confetti*, which is otherwise delightful, symbolizes Arpino's approach to ballet. He refuses to stage a piece that is straight, and by denying the simplicity, elegance and graceful decorum of ballet, he is engaged in an artistic lie. Arpino is being as defensive about his craft as is the male dancer who assures young boys that dancing is just like playing baseball: you have to be very strong. The uneasy atmosphere at City Center these days stems from the fact that the audiences are so eager to recall the health and virility they felt in the 1950s, either by personal experience or hearsay, that they are not only willing but eager to buy that lie about dancing and baseball. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Satyricon, that masterpiece of tantalizing fragments, is promising material for a latter-day "collaborator" in film. Get the tone right, and Petronius has at hand the unfailingly seductive anecdotage of those scapegrace elegants, Encolpius and Ascyltus, squabbling along the perimeter of the Roman Empire for the love of Giton, their indescribably complacent Ganymede. The brilliant scraps of picaresque larceny, perverse self-indulgence and sardonic observation can be fitted as particularly bright stones into a new mosaic that reinvents the past or implies a contemporary judgment.

But the original tone—that of disapproving laughter—is not so easily caught. Petronius indulges his characters with no understanding forgiveness; he understands them well enough, but he wallops them. They are a bad lot, spending themselves on every vice save hypocrisy. But if their perverse and clamorous appetites sink them below the beasts, their vitality raises them toward the gods—at least, it has won them immortality.

It is a great opportunity, and *Fellini Satyricon* misses it. The original traveled light; this reconstruction labors under the ponderous baggage of a spectacular. It seems to be taking place, not along the Mediterranean rim of Nero's imperialism but on some extra-galactic planet of science fiction. The sun's spectrum is hotter than earth light, the architecture comes, not from archaeology but from the fantasy of some exotic technology, and the horizon is not where one expects it.

Worse, the high wit and low merriment are gone. This film cries "woe," "repent," like some Old Testament bluenose warning of the wrath to come. It never shows its teeth in a satiric grin and the possibility of laughter does not arise. Fellini makes wickedness seem leadenly repellent; that may be good doctrine, but it is no way to win laurels. Oddly enough, he has invented more than he has borrowed. Many of the great scenes lie idle, while he improvises from hints and holes in the text. He invents to some purpose, it is true, but with a proliferation of furniture that obscures the surgical finesse. Trimalchio's feast looks like a drunken chautauqua, attended by thousands, and the portrait of literature's first tycoon is lost in the swarming squalor. It is not that Fellini's seaminess is more extreme than Petronius'; just that he recoils from its excesses with more assertive emphasis. He lacks the quick line of his preceptor.

Encolpius, as played by Martin Potter, is a pretty young stud, but a blockhead. When he spoke for Petronius, this inexcusable rascal saw through everything, including himself; under Fellini's management, he couldn't see through a hole in the wall. Ascyltus (Hiram Keller) sneers—and sneers again. It is not enough, nor is the agility of these tumbling boys. Giton (Max Born) is inanimate, as recessive as the leading lady in a Japanese costume movie. To do him justice, he must be played as the foremost male bitch in literature (at least, until Genet came along) and if he is not so played, the wheels won't turn.

This is laborious, I'm afraid pretentious, work, and it's a pity. *The Satyricon* has been waiting for the permissive moment when someone could romp it—savage, shrewd, revolting and roaring with laughter—across the screen. Now instead we have an art film with indelicate acrobatics. □

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Though I saw Mary Chase's pleasant *Harvey* (ANTA Theatre), of which more later, the significant events of the week for me were the opening of two new playhouses: one on West 47 Street called the Edison (about 500 seats); the other named the Truck and Warehouse (299 seats), at 79 East 4 Street.

My welcome of these new establishments has nothing to do with an interest in real estate or, in these instances, with architecture, though these too play a role in the functioning of the theatre. The fact is that the availability of proper stages and auditoriums for anything less than "big-time" productions has become alarmingly limited. The result is a shrinkage of opportunity for those plays we look forward to as a possible relief from Broadway routine.

When the catastrophic rise in the cost of mounting and maintaining productions began in the fifties, producers with risky plays of special quality looked toward Off-Broadway operation as a way out of their dilemma. The theatregoing public was thus given a chance to see such things as the Genet, Ionesco and Pinter plays, *The Connection*, *The Zoo Story* and the like, not to speak of *The Threepenny Opera* and revivals of plays by Williams and O'Neill, which had previously not fared well on Broadway.

The rush for space Off-Broadway has so greatly increased during the past five years that rents (including six-week guarantees, with stop clauses after two weeks if business is unsatisfactory) and the other conditions of doing business in the small downtown houses are now as restrictively commercial as on Broadway. Talk about laissez-faire economy: the death rate on the once more liberal ground below Times Square is now tremendous.

In the early days of Off-Broadway a play might be put on for $1,000 to $5,000. Today it is not unusual for such productions to cost $20,000, $30,000 or $40,000. (Moreover, most of the stages and auditoriums are altogether inadequate.) Tickets are scaled to a $10 top. The occasional success of such shows as *Dames at Sea* or *Your Own Thing* may be agreeable, but they are in a category no more adventurous than *Promises, Promises*. Off-Broadway no longer provides a solution to the organizational and financial difficulties facing the independent (nonsubsidized) producer.

New York needs more theatres—especially those of "middle" size: from 400 to 700 seats with suitably proportioned playing areas. If there were more such, rental terms might become equitable and the disastrous hit-flop syndrome, as prevalent now "downtown" as it is uptown, might be partially overcome.

Billy Noname, the first offering to occupy the Truck and Warehouse Theatre, is a musical with text by William Wellington Mackey and lyrics and music by Johnny Brandon. It tells of a young black from his unfortunate beginnings in the late thirties to the time when he achieves success as a writer and is torn by the conflicting demands of conscience exerted on him by extremist racial fighters on the one hand and by the followers of Martin Luther King on the other.

I confess not to be absolutely certain that this last statement is accurate because many of the show's words are obscured by forte singing and very athletic dancing. The show's theme is certainly valid; its treatment summary. Talley Beatty's rather repetitious choreographic patterns generate excitement, augmented substantially by a cast that gives itself to the proceedings with remarkable energy and fervor. It is a winning and attractive troupe whose commitment to its task, as in most of the black plays, commands attention and respect.

For the actors' sake I should like to be enthusiastic about *Show Me Where the Good Times Are* at the new Edison Theatre. It has a book by Lee Thuna, music by Kenneth Jacobson. I found that its intentional old-time innocence put too great a strain on my critical permissiveness.

"Suggested" by Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid*, it is set in the predominantly Jewish East Side of 1913. The company is excellent. First honors are due Cathryn Damon, Arnold Soboloff and Christopher Hewett, but everyone contributes more than adequately to the sound, movement and fun of the occasion.

Two of the three one-acters that constitute the "bill" entitled *Contributions* (Gate Theatre: 162 Second Avenue) reveal Ted Shine to be a writer of merit and promise.

I had seen and praised "Contribution" (the name of the final item on the program) at the Negro Ensemble Theatre a year ago. It is still good but it has been transformed to a considerable degree by Claudia McNeil's presence in it and perhaps by some rewriting on that account. If I am mistaken in this latter regard it proves that acting is as operative in our appreciation of plays as texts.

Miss McNeil (who also appears in the second piece called "Plantation") is a formidable actress. She has enormous power and so much histrionic facility that a director needs to exert considerable authority to prevent it from becoming disturbing. "Contribution" is a comedy about a seemingly meek old woman who has all her life behaved like a "good nigger," bearing all the humiliations ap-

THE DEVIL IN RED LIGHT

The famous robber-rapist Caryl Chessman,
now gassed and forgotten, under stress
those evenings with a pistol on lovers' lane,
couldn't get it up, and made the girls
go down on him. One innocent, out there
to listen to some words and maybe snuggle
all pent up, bent and did not unbend.
Still in her eyes she has the wail
of Saint Theresa, and the chronic
taste of crime in her abdomen.
Her virgin pelvis squeals like a hot car.

That night, instead of whimpering "Oh, gee,"
and learning his features for the police
and the rest for girlfriends, she discerned
in his perversion the Adversary.
She wrestles still. She does not outlast
the venom of the buried Chessman.
In this life, her Champion broods
on the voluptuary too.
The state avenges: his shoulders dandruffed,
the politician shrugs until it's over.
He is not the state; his words are.

Al Lee

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portioned willy-nilly to the Southern blacks. She is affectionately patronized by her grandson, who has come home from New York to take part in a sit-in at a drugstore where blacks are refused service at the soda counter. But the old lady has been contributing to the cause for years by serving as a cook to the town sheriff and other citizens of similar K.K.K. mentality—and poisoning them with her extra special corn bread.

There is bite in this whimsy. Yet one cannot believe for a moment that Miss McNeil wouldn't have blown the town down long before the play began. So instead of remaining what it was originally, a spoof with teeth, the play becomes "militant" in a way that hardly befits it.

I was therefore more impressed with the first of the evening's items, called "Shoes." Here two high school boys who have part-time jobs as helpers in a Dallas country club are depicted with unsentimental insight. There is also a crippled boy who seeks the friendship of the older pair. He has bought a pistol to protect himself from the taunts of companions and neighbors who scoff at his timorous simple-mindedness. The boys who work at the club spend their meager earnings on sharp clothes. In one of them the yearning for dazzling alligator leather shoes has become an obsession. The only thing, he feels, that will compensate for the misery of his life, give him some semblance of dignity and pleasure, is possession of this $85 footwear and some additional finery by way of dashingly colorful shirts and suits. He is ready to kill to obtain them, though the play does not bring him to that point.

The play is somewhat too forcibly pushed by the director, Moses Gunn and, with the exception of Stanley Greene as a kindly elder, by the actors Donald Griffith, Charles Grant and Jim Jones. They are nonetheless most sympathetic. The total effect is poignant.

Harvey, which I did not see in its first (1945) production, is very nice. The most interesting criticism of it that I heard in the past was that it was a thoroughly immoral play! The reason given for this extraordinary judgment was that it celebrates an inconsequential though wholly benevolent lush (with money) and that it projects the avoidance of reality as an ideal state of mind. Maybe so. In any case, the "message" is one which all of us are inclined from time to time to embrace. This is particularly true when it is so entertainingly delivered by Mary Chase, who does it with a twinkling sort of American humor, both genteel and obliquely mischievous.

Young people today are generally indifferent to, if not indeed contemptuous of, this sort of caper. I myself take it as a wholesome *apéritif*. What is most worth noting is that this emollient is being rapturously imbibed by thousands of playgoers. We must be even more depressed than we had realized.

The entire cast under Stephen Porter's direction does the play justice. Helen Hayes is thoroughly expert at this sort of comedy. James Stewart, his mouth constantly puckered as if he had just tasted something both sweet and sour, is reassuringly affable without creating any sense of an imagination which would make his condition more wondrously desirable than that of any retired Middle Western millionaire. Peggy Pope as a gaily foolish matron is a delight like colored candy. Mariclare Costello as a psychiatrist is *real* but, in the circumstances, is that right? □

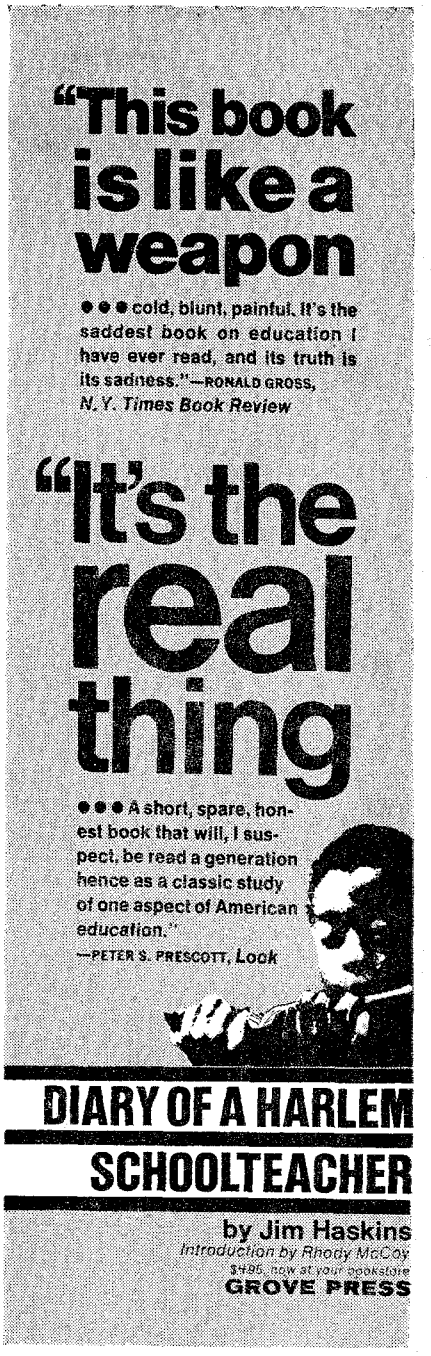
ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

This season has been strong on retrospectives at the museums: Brancusi, Moholy Nagy and Roy Lichtenstein at the Guggenheim, Oldenburg at the Modern and Dan Flavin at the Jewish. There are two new ones: Milton Avery at the Brooklyn Museum (in an exhibition arranged by Adelyn Breeskin for the National Collection of Fine Arts) and Jim Dine at the Whitney Museum. A retrospective is one of the most rewarding types of show that a museum can do, as it turns the impressions and memories of years into a solid, single identity. The two new shows are complete contrasts: the Avery show covers thirty years with 100 or so paintings, and Dine's covers ten years with about the same number of works. The former is the cogent survey of a completed life; the latter, a sample from a work (i.e., life) in progress, was bound to be less perfect, though not necessarily as unsatisfactory as it is.

Avery's flat curves of beach, anonymous figures at peace, widely separated objects in still lifes, all belong to late Post-Impressionism. The term was coined by Roger Fry to refer to Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat and Van Gogh, all artists of the generation after Impressionism. It is a pretty rough simplification when applied to the four original artists, but it is true that out of the admixture of their styles a *general* Post-Impressionist style emerged, and that is where Avery belongs. He was influenced by Matisse (and has been defined by Clement Greenberg as a potent channel for Matisse's influence on later American art), but he is no Fauve. In mood he is more like a Nabi, both in terms of his shifting and undulant flat pattern and his sustained tranquillity.

Avery both lived with and made over what he got from Matisse; as this exhibition reveals, he developed a highly personal sense of color. His notion of painting became to use a few simple forms—areas rather, so drained are they of mass—and in the later work even these became absorbed in one modulated span of color. At times his soft areas are ruffled calligraphically, like Raoul Dufy, or by staccato dabs of dry paint, rather like Filippo De Pisis, another late Post-Impressionist of about Avery's age. As the landscapes paled and flattened, as bodies became no more than pink or tangerine phantoms remembering their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flesh. Avery guarded against the risk of simplificatory art, namely what used to be called "dehumanization." The sweet color, with its bloom and repose, took care of that; "dehumanization" was also kept at bay by his sense of blarney which animates some of his pictorial economies only too insistently. In "Maternity," for instance, the image of a mother turns into one big protective oval. This caricatural touch is the ultimate reason for preferring his landscapes to the figure paintings. Avery developed an iconography of soft irregular forms that served as sand dunes, bluffs, groves of trees, beach blankets, the sea's edge, according to context. Their recurrence and exchange in the later paintings have a placid force that needs no salt of wit.

In this column recently (September 15, 1969) I speculated that the catalogue of the Dine show would fail to cope with the relationship of his art to Claes Oldenburg's. This contact was crucial in Dine's development and it is hard not to see Oldenburg as the first mover. One would have liked the details, which are not in the least to Dine's discredit, any more than Avery is reduced by acknowledging his debt to Matisse. John Gordon, who organized the show, fails to mention the matter in his introduction. I predicted, too, that Dine's art would be rescued from the clutches of Pop art as a movement. Although Gordon writes only four pages on his artist, he finds space to get in something about Dine's art being "warm and generous where Pop Art is often cold and blunt." How's that for rigorous argument?

The value of retrospectives of young artists (Dine is 35) in American museums has been to provide a full showing of work to date, along with a preliminary sketch of its position in the framework of recent art history. This is not in any sense an anticipation of final historical judgment (if, in fact, there is such), but should be seen as a kind of *short-term* art history. Short-term art history locates an artist in a web of topical information, more extensive than art critics usually collect, but fugitive enough to be lost or misinterpreted if left for future collection. I don't want to make too much of it but, for example, the Oldenburg-Dine association will get harder to document every year, and neither artist's memory would be conclusive.

The Whitney show begins in 1959, the year of Dine's arrival in New York from Ohio, and covers well his tough, naive, lush paintings and paintings with objects up to 1963. Here is the clear profile of a vigorous talent turning the Junk Culture of the assemblage period into domestic, intimate possessions. In 1964 Dine was back in Ohio as artist in residence at Oberlin College, not in his native Cincinnati, and a shift of style is noticeable. Bright, hard, clear images and objects oust the preceding painterly style in a series of variations on the theme of a headless self-portrait. A bulky bathrobe is stand-in for the artist; his stance but not his skin is there. He pursues this theme with a systematic thoroughness which is very different from the fluent improvisation of the early work. An interesting later piece, a set of monumental objects called "Nancy and I at Ithaca," 1967, is curtailed and represented at the Whitney by only one bit, the "Straw Heart." After this point the exhibition folds. The recent paintings and sculpture are all characterized by the dilation of small-scale ideas: haiku bulges into epic and collapses lamely. For instance, the 32-foot-long painting called "Francis Wyndham," seen on entering the big gallery at the Whitney, is grossly out of scale.

A change in Dine was signaled in 1965 when, after a period of four years, he did his last Happening, "Natural History (the Dreams)." In this he abandoned the joyous scatological carnival of his early Happenings in favor of the self-importance and suppressed panic of the fifty-minute hour. One of the few hard facts in the catalogue (which has family snapshots and other jokes), given by the artist incidentally, is that he was psychoanalyzed in 1962-66. In 1967 he took up residence in England, though the catalogue omits this fact. (Dine told Grace Glueck that "London's given me the chance to live. . . . I work . . . without New York paranoia." He seems to have decided to be a calm big fish in a little pond rather than a nervous member of the pack. From the indulgent and flaccid look of the new work, New York may not have been so bad for him as it felt. Clearly a museum should not oppose a living artist's idea about his exhibition but, on the other hand, the artist has obligations, too. As the show stands, the museum appears to have been passive before Dine's wishes and accepted big late pieces of poor caliber. The lack of a critical climate of opinion in London has let Dine down and so has Mr. Gordon by failing to provide it here. In this form the exhibition does Dine little credit and the catalogue is a vacuous substitute for the documents that American museums usually summon to commemorate these occasions. □

NOVEMBER 22, 1969

I dreamt an Asian
boy was dreaming
a tremulous mass
of light dropped
out of the sky
turning trees into
women slipping quickly
out of their dresses
setting his skin
and hair on fire
purifying every-
body within an area
the radius of which
was a mile or so

Douglas Eichhorn

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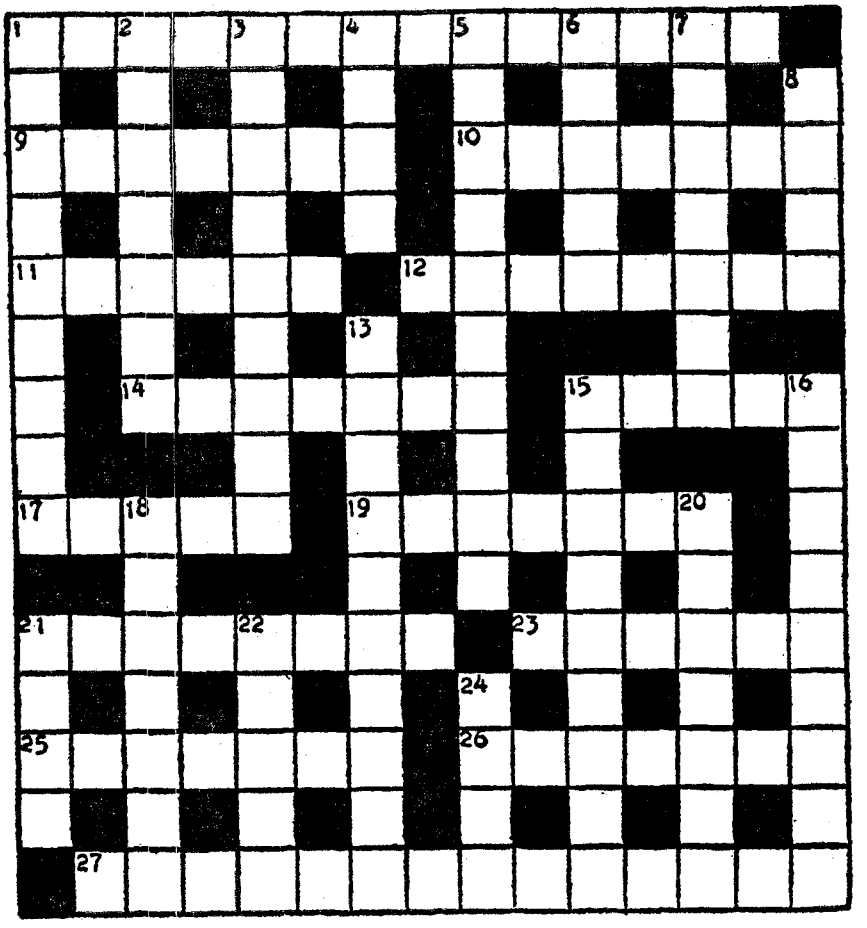

ACROSS

1 Troughs, perhaps, pass out of the equivalent. (8,6)
9 Bob could possibly be found outside the doctor's office. (7)
11 Will, when far from good, make me tiny? (6)
12 I'm no longer green, yet still undeveloped. (8)
14 They sound like the type that are often called 8, but they might just stay with you! (7)
15 Where Canea is capital. (5)
17 Perhaps ledger accounts I removed could still be obligations. (5)
19 The beginner might take this at a time for dancing. (3-4)
21 Sitting up on this, even in a sick bed?
23 Some racing tires might be what the ordinary driver doesn't want to run into.
25 The sticky stuff around the lettuce should be sweet. (7)
26 Feign ignorance of a wrong. (7)
27 Were those who enjoyed taking a musical journey guilty of it? (14)

DOWN

1 Sounds like the middle of the body to come down on the desert, perhaps. (9)
2 Somewhat more neat, as the barber might be. (7)
3 He rigs out the noble after a fashion. (9)
4 There must be something lacking in this. (4)
5 Eminent historian, or good at some other thing? (4,6)
6 Sphere of activity. (5)
7 Show some eagerness? Then use the informal version possibly. (7)
8 One hears an object of passionate devotion doesn't work like this. (4)
13 Part of a minute span that the coach usually doesn't start with. (6,4)
15 Oil can, at a different place. (9)
16 Possibly arranged to spend more on nutritive seed tissue. (9)
18 A mother's answer might be just this, but it may not be sufficient. (7)
20 His work was that of a bohemian in Paris. (7)
21 Bothers one excessively with little annoyances? (4)
22 and 10 across Camp beds are sometimes, for the unwary. (He'd sort these out of it, of course!) (5-7)
24 Foot inspection if you do? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1337

ACROSS: 1 White sales; 6 Camp; 10 Sapient; 11 Sterile; 12 Into; 13 Songstress; 15 Gaskets; 16 Shelter; 17 Assists; 20 Aseptic; 22 Handspikes; 23 Echo; 25 Numidia; 26 Termite; 27 Sink; 28 Choristers. DOWN: 1 Washing machines; 2 Impetus; 3 and 24 Eyesores; 4 Authors; 5 Ensigns; 7 Aliment; 8 Pressure cookers; 9 Gentlemen; 14 Sets aside; 18 Sandman; 19 Spinach; 20 Abettor; 21 Tactile.

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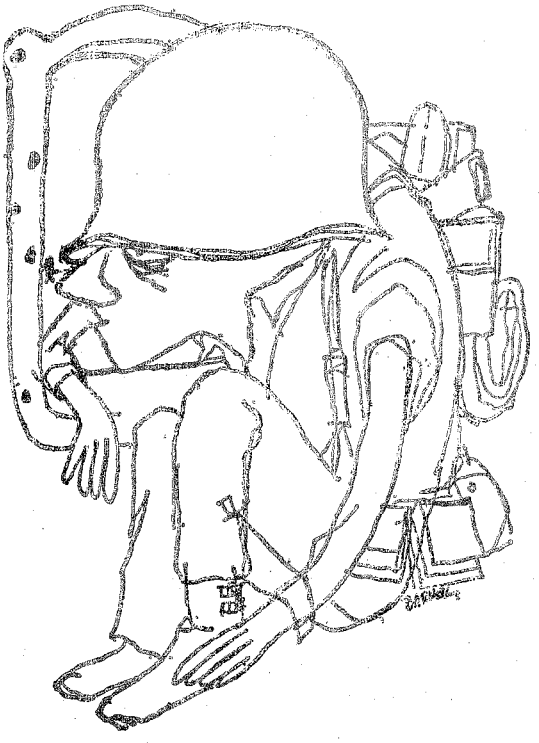
'WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE?'



It's a sign of the times that we have been receiving many encouraging letters from soldiers. Some are horrified witnesses or unhappy accomplices of U.S. foreign policies. Others are victims of the repression within the armed services. All express gratitude for the revealing and straightforward material **The NATION** publishes.

"Where have you been all my life?" asked a soldier in a recent letter. "This is exactly the type of reading myself and many others have been seeking. . . ."

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